

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## ALP-LAND.

I stood upon the Wengern Alp and dreamed,  
 One starry midnight in the autumn time,  
 Till, soul and sense entranced, I saw, or seem'd  
 To see, a new, strange world, before the time  
 Of age had dimmed the wonders of its prime:  
 Snows, glaciers, Alps, around, above, beneath;  
 Strength, beauty, grandeur, awful and sublime,  
 Where never human footstep, human breath,  
 Disturbed the rule and reign of everlasting death.

There was old Schreckhorn, with his hoary brow,  
 The white-cowled monk, great Eigher, seamed  
 with scars,

And, loftiest of all, the pure Jungfrau,  
 Like a veiled vestal crowned with burning  
 stars

By the blue walls of heaven; shining bars  
 Of golden moonlight bound her zone, and  
 where

Clouds floated idly in their pale simars,  
 Her gorgeous robe, like ermine rich and rare,  
 Fell in colossal folds adown the purple air.

In the unfathomed caverns, far below,  
 The wandering winds sung anthems, wild and  
 sweet,

And torrents, newborn of the virgin snow,  
 Mingled their many voices, like the beat  
 Of mighty pulses, or the fall of feet

That found no rest. Anon the avalanche,  
 riven

From its high home, fell thundering, far and  
 fleet,

Like some rebellious host that God had driven  
 Down, down to the abyss, from the far fields of  
 heaven.

Again, and nearer, that deep, fearful sound  
 Lifted its clamor to the vaulted sky,  
 Hissed in the air and groaned along the ground,  
 Waking ten thousand echoes in reply.

The roar of cannon, rattling musketry,  
 Seemed blended and repeated, o'er and o'er,  
 From hidden fosse and cloud-capped battery,  
 As if the Titans, mighty as of yore,  
 Did battle with the gods on the invisible shore.

And so the hours wore on, and stole away  
 The silver starlight from the brow of night;  
 A sudden shining heralded the day,  
 And the pale Alps blushed in the dawning  
 light.

A crimson curtain, fringed with pearly white,  
 Slowly above the gray horizon rose—  
 Slowly the slopes and frozen seas grew bright,  
 But day was drawing midway to its close  
 Ere the great sun climbed up to that lone land  
 of snows.

He scaled the eternal ramparts, length by length,  
 O'er bastion, parapet, and tower he came,  
 Like a bold warrior, glorious in his strength,  
 With a red banner and a crown of flame.  
 He looked upon the snows, and they became  
 Inlaid with diamonds, dazzling human eyes  
 With a great glory that no tongue can name;  
 As though some angel, passing in the skies,  
 Had opened suddenly the gates of Paradise.

Eternal Alps! in your sublime abode

The soul goes forth untrammelled, and apart  
 From little self, expands and learns of God.

There it forgets awhile the busy mart  
 Where strength, heart, life, are coined with cunning  
 art

To common currency—forgets the strife  
 For gold, place, power, and fame—the bitter  
 smart

Of disappointment, pain, and sorrow, rife  
 Where poor humanity walks in the paths of life.

Ye are unsullied by the serpent's trail  
 Of sin and death, with all their weary woes,  
 And ye do minister within the veil  
 Of an eternity that never knows

The changes of decay. Time overthrows  
 Man's proudest glory, but his hand has striven  
 In vain to mar your beauty. As ye rose  
 When form and light to the young earth were  
 given,

Ye stand with your white brows by the closed  
 gates of heaven.

SARAH T. BOLTON.

Indianapolis, Indiana, March, 1863.

—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

## USE ME.

BY DR. BONAR.

MAKE use of me, my God!

Let me be not forgot;  
 A broken vessel cast aside—  
 One whom thou needest not.

I am thy creature, Lord,  
 And made by hands divine;  
 And I am part, however mean,  
 Of this great world of thine.

Thou usest all thy works—  
 The weakest things that be;  
 Each has a service of its own,  
 For all things wait on thee.

Thou usest the high stars,  
 The tiny drops of dew,  
 The giant peak and little hill;  
 My God, oh, use me too!

Thou usest tree and flower,  
 The rivers vast and small;  
 The eagle great, the little bird  
 That sings upon the wall.

Thou usest the wide sea,  
 The little hidden lake,  
 The pine upon the Alpine cliff,  
 The lily in the brake:

The huge rock in the vale,  
 The sand grain by the sea,  
 The thunder of the rolling cloud,  
 The murmur of the bee.

All things do serve thee here—  
 All creatures, great and small;  
 Make use of me, of me, my God,  
 The weakest of them all.

From The National Review.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF ERASMUS.

1. *Unpublished Papers in the Public Record Office.*
2. *Erasmi Epistole.*

THE present Dean of St. Paul's has familiarized his readers with the expression, "Latin Christianity." The phrase is new, and is apt to suggest a distinction that never existed. Had the patriarch of Constantinople succeeded in his opposition to the rival patriarch of the West, had an imperial court overawed by its splendor and authority the humble palace of the Vatican, Greek Christianity (if that he meant as a correlative to Latin) might have found a centre, in which the thousand varying lights of Greek intellect might have converged. But in fact Greek Christianity, as represented by the Greek fathers, is little more than a feeble reflection of the Latin. Christianity, strange to say, awakened no responsive chord of the old Greek mind; the poetical and philosophical elements of earlier days sprung up to no second life. Even that logical subtlety which struck such vigorous root in the Latin Church found no place in the Greek. The intellect, language, and leisure of the Greeks would have seemed to point them out as the most suitable guardians and interpreters of the New Testament. And yet, as if to falsify all human anticipations in these matters, the Greek Church produced no expositors comparable to the Latin, Athanasius excepted. The social forms and economy of Christian life are of Latin growth. Our ecclesiastical ceremonies and dresses are Latin; our prayers and liturgies are Latin; our disputes upon cardinal points of doctrine are founded upon Latin words, and guided entirely by our conceptions of their Latin meaning.

Placed in the van of that battle which Christianity had to wage with the new barbarian nationalities of the North, the Latin mind gained new life and vigor from the struggle. If it be true that there are men whose genius, like aromatic herbs, never gives out its fullest sweetness until they are bruised and trampled on, it is equally true that but for these collisions we might have known the old Latin literature in its strength and majesty, but never in "its hearse-like strains;" never in its more spiritual forms, and that ascetic beauty which haunts and lingers round the memory like a spell. If

not the product of the same necessity, at the least the most potent aid to that same need, the Latin Church found in the Vulgate an instrument for reaching all hearts and guiding all tongues. For those new races, the founders of the nations of Western Christendom, all their earliest religious impressions were connected with the Vulgate. From the Vulgate all forms of thought took their first direction. What popes and schoolmen never could have done—for securing uniformity of belief and worship; for rooting in the hearts of men the grand idea of one Church, one head, one language, binding the old to the new races in unbroken succession, and to him above all who had the keys of death and hell—was done by the silent and irresistible influence of the Vulgate. No wonder, then, that any attack on its authority should have been resisted as a deadly thrust against the very foundation of that system which had grown up with the growth of centuries and entwined itself with every fibre of the heart and imagination of mankind.

It is, then, as the opponent of that authority which till his time had been held infallible, and for this alone, that Erasmus can be regarded as the precursor of the Reformation. In his jests against the clergy, or rather against the religious orders, the clergy laughed as heartily as himself, secure and heart-sound. It was only when he proceeded to examine the evidence on which the Vulgate rested that they looked grave; when he claimed to apply to the authorized translation of the Scriptures the same rules of criticism as the scholars of his days were applying to Cicero or to Virgil. In this respect his influence on the Reformation was greater than Luther's; as the application of the principles of interpretation introduced by Erasmus must, under more favorable circumstances and in more vigorous hands, lead to consequences more important. At this time, when so much excitement has sprung up on the subject of biblical interpretation, we have thought that an account of this first effort at theological criticism might not be without interest to our readers.

In the year 1509, Erasmus was in Italy, when he received a letter from William Lord Mountjoy, urging his instant return. With more than a significant hint at the parsimony of Henry VII., Mountjoy informed him that the reign of avarice was at an end. "Our

new king," he added, "scatters his treasures with a liberal hand; he is more ambitious of virtue and renown than of gold or precious stones." Considering the numerous attractions which Italy had for Erasmus, it might have been thought that such an invitation, though backed by a present of £5 from Archbishop Warham, and as much more from Mountjoy himself, would not have proved very seductive. The climate of Italy, its brilliant skies, its books and antiquities, its libraries and learned societies, were exactly suited to a scholar and valetudinarian. Erasmus was fastidious in his diet. He could not endure the sour wines or sourer beer of our northern latitudes. The stoves of Germany and the winters of England filled him with dismay. But though Erasmus might care for Italy, Italy probably did not care much for Erasmus. Italian scholars, the arbiters of literary distinction, were not prepared to admit him into their exclusive circle. They were not satisfied that his Latin style smacked of the true Ciceronian flavor. Nor was Erasmus backward in expressing his contempt for their fastidiousness. He ridiculed their slavish imitation of Cicero, their utter ignorance of all authors beyond their one acknowledged idol, their tumid eloquence and shallow conceits. From the warlike Julius, whom he hated for his roughness, he received no notice; Leo X., whom he had known as a student, was condescending, but offered no substantial favor. From chagrin or other causes his health had suffered in Italy; he hastened to accept the invitation of Mountjoy.

The tediousness of the journey was relieved by casting into form the scenes he had just abandoned; the impressions made on his mind by Roman Society may be seen in his *Praise of Folly*. Arriving in London he took up his abode with Sir Thomas More. Courtied and caressed by all who had attained, or were ambitious of attaining distinction, there was no post in the State to which he might not have aspired; no position in the Church which was not open to him. "There is no country," he boasts in one of his letters, "which would not gladly entertain me—Spain, Italy, England, or Scotland. When I was at Rome, there was no cardinal that would not have received me with open arms as a brother. In England," he continues, "there is not a bishop who does not think it an honor to be noticed by me; who is not

anxious to secure me at his table; who would not gladly retain me in his household. The king himself (Henry VIII.), a little before his father's death, sent me, when I was in Italy, most loving letters, written with his own hand. He addresses me with more respect and affection than any one else. Whenever I salute him, he embraces me most kindly and affectionately. You may be sure he thinks of me not less kindly than he speaks. The queen (Katherine) has endeavored to secure me as her preceptor. Every one is aware that if I would but condescend to live a few months at court, I might accumulate as many benefices as I pleased."

But Erasmus had devoted himself to letters, and resolutely turned his back on those paths which led others to chancellorships, baronies, and bishoprics. The liberality and undeviating kindness of Warham and Mountjoy placed him above immediate want; and his friend Fisher, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, at that time employed in founding St. John's and settling Lady Margaret's will, induced Erasmus to take up his residence at Cambridge, and give lectures in Greek to the students of that university. The precise period at which he entered on his professorship is uncertain; his correspondence from Cambridge commences with the summer of 1511. At first the novelty of his position, and the hopes of improving it, sufficed to atone for the smallness of his audience and the scantiness of his remuneration. The account he gives of his lectures do not impress us with a very exalted idea of the state of Greek literature in England. "Hitherto," he says, in a letter written from Cambridge in October, 1511, "I have lectured on the grammar of Chrysoloras to a small class; perhaps next term I shall begin the grammar of Theodorus (a Greek of the Lower Empire) to a larger one." In other words, he was teaching the elements of Greek grammar.

His expectations were not destined to be realized. The university found it difficult to pay his salary of fifty nobles, and applied for assistance to Lord Mountjoy. His audience did not increase; neither the ambition of the university nor the influence of his friend the chancellor could secure for him pupils or a decent remuneration. The great obstacle to his success with younger students was his total ignorance of English; with the more advanced, his novel notions of the duties of a



theologian added, to his hatred and contempt of the schoolmen. The grammar of Theodorus had no greater attractions for Cambridge undergraduates than the grammar of Chrysoloras; 1512 passed without any visible improvement; 1513 was not more promising. "As for profit," he says, in a letter to Colet, "I see no chance of it. What can I take from those who have nothing to give?" "I have not been here five months," he says in another letter to Ammonius, "and have spent sixty nobles, without receiving more than one. The expense is intolerable, and the remuneration nothing." College beer did not agree with his stomach. College gyps stole his wine, or mixed it with water. College porters mislaid his letters. Masters of Arts, divided into rival sections of Thomists and Scotists, scouted lectures on theology which denuded Scripture of all mystery and aimed at nothing higher than a literal and grammatical interpretation. The Scriptures, said they, are levelled to the capacity of children and laymen. St. Jerome was a mere grammarian; St. Augustine was a dunce. What could they or any other fathers know of entity, relation, ampliation, restriction, formality, hæcceity, quiddity, or the like? What help can the Scriptures afford for the refutation of heresy? How is the Church to stand, or the dignity of theology to be maintained, by the laws of syntax or the aids of lexicography? To increase his vexation, the war with France carried away, in 1513, his most intimate friends, Ammonius and Mountjoy. Engrossed with the bustle of a great campaign, bishops and noblemen, who in times of peace might have repaid a translation from Lucian or a copy of complimentary verses in angels, were either occupied in mustering their retainers, or in discussing the merits of Almain rivets, apostles, and falconets. Erasmus groaned with disgust. He hated war for its own sake; he regarded it exclusively from its noisy and horrible side. He could see nothing in it, except a disorderly mob of vagabonds and scoundrels bent upon pulling down what the wisdom, patience, and experience of former ages had built up. But he hated it still more because it was incompatible with the cultivation of letters. Unfortunately, also, during the autumn of this year, the sweating sickness made its appearance. Cambridge was deserted; his hearers dispersed. In a pardonable but by no means

pleasant mood, he writes to Ammonius (Nov. 28), that he had been shut up in Cambridge for some months, confined to his books, like a snail in its shell. "Here," he adds, "is one unbroken solitude. Many have left for fear of the plague; and yet, when they are all here, the solitude is much worse. This winter I am resolved to turn every stone, and throw out my sheet-anchor. If I succeed, I shall make a nest for myself. If I fail, I shall flit elsewhere. Had I no other reasons, I am resolved not to die in England."

But although Cambridge had disappointed his expectations, and was not yet sufficiently prepared to do justice to his Greek or his theological lectures, his residence in that university had not been thrown away. The more scanty his audience, the more time was left to his own disposal; and he was not of a temper to let it remain idle. As early as the year 1505, in a preface to Valla's notes on the new Testament, he had ventured to express his approbation of the new rules of criticism applied by Valla to the revision of the Vulgate. "Where is the harm," he remarks, "if Valla, upon the authority of the ancient Greek copies, wrote notes on such passages of the New Testament as he found to be at variance with the original, or had been less correctly rendered by dozing interpreters?" He avowed his belief that the translation of Scripture belonged exclusively to the philologist, and that Jethro in some things was wiser than Moses. "Grammar, I admit, is employed upon minutiae; but these minutiae are small things without which no one can become great. It is busied with trifles, *sed hæc nugæ seria ducunt*. If it be said that theology is too dignified to be restrained by the laws of syntax, and that the interpretation of Scripture rests upon inspiration;—I reply, that this is claiming a new dignity for theologians, if they are to have the exclusive privilege of writing nonsense. But I hear it said, that the old translators were skilled in the languages of the original, and are sufficiently intelligible for all practical purposes. I reply, that I prefer to see that with my own eyes, rather than with the eyes of others; and, secondly, allowing they have done much, they have certainly left much to be done by those who come after them."

With views so liberal as these, so far in advance of his age, it is not surprising that

he should have entertained the idea of following the steps of Valla, and devoting his time and abilities to a critical revision of the New Testament. In common with others, he may have been influenced in this determination by his classical distaste for the old unclassical version. Yet it must be admitted that he was influenced by a nobler feeling; more than once in his serious moods he has avowed his belief that the only remedy for the vices and disorders of the time was to be found in the careful study of the holy Scriptures. More than once he expressed a wish that the pure oracles of divine truth were made accessible to all. He hoped to turn men from the unprofitable dialectics and noisy discussions of the schools to the more quiet and thoughtful study of philology. He evidently anticipated such a result from the appearance of the New Testament and the aid it would afford to a more certain and speedy study of the original. With these motives, others less pure may have been combined. There was the refinement of the scholar, in common with other classical revivalists, unduly offended with a Latin version which could be referred to no era of established Latinity. Less fastidious than his Italian contemporaries, he yet saw no reason why theology, and still more that work on which all true theology was based, should adhere to the exclusive and unenviable distinction of speaking a more barbarous language than any other science. From the two bodies into which the theological world was divided, he had little reason to anticipate opposition. The revivalists could not be offended if the New Testament appeared in a style of eloquence more conformable with their notions, at least so free from gross violations of classical Latinity that they might read it without fear of vitiating their taste; whilst by Scotist and Thomist, exclusively occupied with their favorite masters, this or any other attempt to promote the study of the Gospels would be regarded with indifference amounting to contempt.

With these views he set to work whilst at Cambridge to collate such MSS. of the New Testament, whether Greek or Latin, as were within his reach. In this task he had the assistance of Lupset, one of his Greek pupils, a *protégé* of More and Colet. He tells the latter, in a letter dated May, 1512, that he had already collated the New Testament with

the ancient Greek copies, and annotated it in more than a thousand places. His collations were completed and his work ready for the press in the summer of 1513. Concurrently with these labors, either of which alone might have been deemed sufficient for the ambition of the most enterprising and indefatigable student, he was employed in preparing a new edition of St. Jerome. But though his health was suffering from excessive exertion, and the plague was then raging at Cambridge, he tells Ammonius, in September, that his labors were drawing to a close; and so earnestly was he bent upon the task that he felt as if he was inspired.

Suddenly he disappeared from England in the spring of 1514. In a letter from Hammes Castle, dated 8th July, of which his friend Lord Mountjoy, afterwards lieutenant of Tournay, was the governor, he informed Ammonius of his prosperous voyage. The Dover boatmen, whose extortions may boast the prescription of three centuries, carried off his portmanteau with all his papers. "It is the way of these fellows," he adds, "to steal where they can conveniently; and when they cannot steal, they extort money and sell you your own property. When I fancied the labor of so many years had perished, I felt as much grief as a mother might feel at the loss of her children." "I know not," he continues, "whether I told you that I went to take leave of his majesty (Henry VIII.). He received me with a very friendly countenance. The Bishop of Lincoln (Wolsey) bade me be of good cheer, but uttered no hint of a present; and I did not dare to allude to it, for fear of appearing importunate. Durham (Ruthal) gave me six angels; the archbishop (Warham) took the opportunity of pressing on my acceptance as many more; Rochester (Fisher), a royal. I am now staying a few days with my friend Mountjoy at Hammes Castle, and intend to go to Germany." He visited Basle in the autumn, and arranged with Frobenius, then rising into celebrity, for the printing of the New Testament. In the winter of 1514 or the spring of 1515, he returned to England; was in London in March, with a view of securing the good offices of Henry VIII. with Leo X. At this time the influence of Henry with the pontiff was supreme. Louis XII. was dead; Charles, not yet emperor, was a young man without influence; Ferdinand of Arragon and Maximilian were in close amity.

with England; and Wolsey was exerting all his skill to imitate the policy of the League of Cambray, and, by a close union of the chief European powers, attempting to shut out France from all political influence. Of these movements Erasmus was kept well informed by Ammonius, the Latin secretary to Henry VIII. Accordingly, from London he addressed a highly complimentary letter to Leo X.;\* applauding his political sagacity, his wise efforts for peace, and dexterously contrasting the mildness and wisdom of his rule with the turbulence of his predecessor Julius, he applied to Leo those words in the Apocalypse, "*Visit Leo de tribu Juda.*" Then glancing at his labors upon St. Jerome, "the prince of Latin theologians," he told the pope that the fatigues he had endured in editing the works of that father were little less than St. Jerome had experienced in writing them. He expected no remuneration, and only begged his holiness's approbation. The pope returned a complimentary answer on the 10th July, but neither invited him to Rome, nor held out hopes of preferment. He accompanied his letter with a recommendation of Erasmus to Henry VIII. "These scholars," he said, "who devote themselves to literature and the arts are not a bad sort of people. † I have on more than one occasion found them very honest and trustworthy. I was acquainted with Erasmus, who is one of the best of them, before I was raised to the papal chair; and I beg to recommend him to you. I do not ask any favor for him; but, if it should fall in your way to oblige him, I shall be glad if you will let him know that my recommendation has had its due weight."

At the end of the summer of 1515 Erasmus hurried off to Basle dropping an occasional letter to Ammonius full of high spirits. In one, dated 2d October, shortly after the battle of Marignano, he writes to say that the printers had commenced the New Testament. "My health," he continues, "has been very good until they began their stoves." The German stoves were as hateful to Erasmus as afterwards to Wordsworth; and he was obliged to have an English fireplace in his chamber. "I can neither stay, from the intolerable smell of the stoves, nor leave my work, which cannot get on without me. Our friends the Swiss are in high dudgeon because

\* 29th April.

† "*Minime malos esse.*"

the French would not civilly allow themselves to be beaten (at Marignano), as they were beaten by the English at Tournay, but dispersed the Swiss with their artillery. They have returned home with tattered ensigns, somewhat fewer in number, torn, mutilated, and wounded. So, instead of a victory, they are holding a funeral. If my health allows me, I intend staying here until Christmas. If not, I shall go to Flanders or Rome. York (Wolsey then bishop of Tournay) has given me a prebend at Tournay; mere moonshine. His commissary (Dr. Sampson) has been publicly excommunicated in Flanders. Such is the reverence they show York in that part of the world. However I have accepted it; for nothing is easier than to lose." In December he was still at Basle, and told Ammonius he intended to stay till March; the printing of the New Testament was nearly completed, and he reckoned it would extend to eighty sheets: The labor was enormous; his health and strength feeble. "I am overwhelmed," he tells one of his correspondents in a letter, still dated from Basle, late at night, "with a double burden, either of which would require rather a Hercules than an Erasmus. To say nothing of other labors of less consequence, I have the weight of St. Jerome and the New Testament upon my shoulders." On the 7th of March 1516, he writes to say that the New Testament is out, and the last colophon was then being added to St. Jerome. But all who have had any experience of the press know too well that the last colophon is seldom the last. Month after month slipped away, and it was not until Whitsunday in 1516 that he was able to write to his friend, the burgomaster of Nuremberg, that the Testament was completed.

He took leave of Basle in a sort of triumph, rejoiced to escape from his prison house.\* If he had been delighted above measure with his reception, he could scarcely be less delighted with the respect paid him at his departure. A cavalcade attended him out of the city, and took their leave of him with moistened eyes and heavy hearts. At Antwerp he fell in with his old friends Tunstal and Peter Caraffa, afterwards Paul IV. From Antwerp he proceeded to visit Mountjoy; thence to St. Omer, where he arrived on the 5th of June, intending to cross to England. A slight attack of fever delayed his passage. He had, however,

\* "*Ergastulo,*" vii. 10.

taken the precaution to forward copies of the New Testament to the archbishop and other friends in England. From St. Omer he wrote, in his usual lively strain, to Christopher Urswick, a name familiar to readers of English history: "Your horse is a genius, and has been very lucky to me. He has twice carried me safely backwards and forwards to Basle, not only a tedious but a dangerous journey. He has visited so many universities that he is grown as wise as Homer's Ulysses:

\* *Mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.*

Whilst I have been killing myself the last ten months with excessive fatigue, he has grown so fit and so idle he could scarcely get in at the city gates. I cannot tell you how much I am pleased with Upper Germany and the kindness shown me on all sides. I doubt not you have seen the New Testament. St. Jerome will speedily appear. I have sent four volumes already to the archbishop by your alumnus, Peter, the one-eyed man."

The day of his arrival in England is uncertain. On the 22d of June, Warham wrote to him from Otford, acknowledging the receipt of the New Testament and the earlier volumes of St. Jerome; and on August the 9th we find him in London writing to Leo X. On the 17th of the same month he was staying at Rochester with Fisher. He tells Ammonius he had been over-persuaded by the bishop to spend ten days with him, and more than ten times had repented his promise. "I had angled for a horse from Urswick by presenting him with a New Testament; the last horse he gave me died from drink in Flanders,—a common complaint in that country. But whilst he is away hunting, my hunting has come to nothing." The New Testament was warmly applauded by his friends in England. Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, too magnanimous to take offence at the transfer of the dedication from himself to the pope, wrote to Erasmus to express his great gratification at the immortality he had conferred upon him, and sent him sixty nobles. He was profuse in his commendations of the work; was sedulous in showing it to his brethren the bishops, and of the most eminent theologians of the day, "all of whom," he said, "had concurred in praising it." Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, writes: "Your New Testament is bought with avidity, and read everywhere. You have many approvers

and admirers. Some, however, carp and disapprove, and urge the same objections as Dorp did; \* but these are only such theologians as you describe in your *Moria* no less truly than wittily. Their censure is praise, their praise censure. For myself, I am variously affected by it. At one time I lament that I have never learned Greek, without which *nihil sumus*; at another I rejoice that I have lived in the light of your genius." In Germany the excitement was equally intense. "The Abbess of St. Clare and her sister," says Pirkheimer, "are assiduous students of your writings. They are greatly delighted with your New Testament, and are wonderfully affected by it. They would write you a Latin letter, did they not think that such letters as theirs would be unworthy of your perusal." †

\* Dorp had written to Erasmus some time before to dissuade him from his design of editing the New Testament. The arguments he employed are curious as showing how old are the prejudices, and how little Protestant the objections, repeated at this day against biblical criticism:

"If I prove to you that there is no error or falsity in the Latin translation, will you not admit that their labor is superfluous who try to mend it? I insist, then, on the correctness and integrity of the Vulgate. For is it likely that the whole Catholic Church would have erred so many centuries, seeing it has always used and sanctioned this translation? Is it probable that so many holy fathers, so many consummate scholars, would have been mistaken; who have relied on the authority of the Vulgate for their decisions in councils, their defence and explanation of the faith, and the framing of those canons, to which all rulers have submitted? You know it is an established axiom that General Councils cannot err. Do you suppose that the Greek copies are more correct than the Latin? Have the Greeks, who have often fallen into heresy, taken more pains for the preservation of the sacred oracles than the Latins—the Greeks, who affirm that there are errors in all the Gospels except in the Gospel of St. John?" After further arguments in this strain, he adds, "But you will say, 'I do not intend to introduce any changes; I do not assert the Vulgate is incorrect; I only show what I find in the Greek copies, and where they differ from the Latin; and where is the harm in this?' Great harm, my dear Erasmus; for if people once begin to learn from your work, or hear you only assert in conversation, that there is ever so small an error in the authorized version, they will begin to discuss and to doubt, and the whole authority of the Scriptures will be lost." Who could have anticipated that the learning of this day would have borrowed its lessons from such quarters?

† A copy of this first edition is preserved in the British Museum. It may be distinguished from all others by its fantastic title of *Novum Instrumentum*, which Erasmus afterwards dropped. Nothing, we think, can give a better idea of the popularity of the book than the fact that this copy, as appears by a contemporaneous inscription, was the property of Robert Elston, a monk of St. Mary's Fountains, and



One college at Cambridge refused to join in the general commendation. It signalized itself in the cause of bigotry and bad sense by passing a decree that the New Testament of Erasmus should not be brought within the college precincts on shipboard or horseback, by wagons or porters! With this exception, the objectors were either few or undecided. In the paucity of Greek scholars it is not easy to find men able or even willing to enter upon the task of examining the critical merits or defects of the new edition. The two centres of orthodoxy abroad were Louvain and Cologne. But the latter had already been handled severely for its persecution of Reuchlin, and was not inclined to engage in a fresh controversy. Erasmus tells Ammonius in a letter from Brussels, where he had resolved to spend the winter of 1516, that his enemies were anxious to have an examination of his book delegated by royal commission to the schools of Louvain and Cologne. "They will have enough to employ them for two years if they do," he adds. He wisely anticipated the danger by taking up his abode at Louvain in the April of 1517. "You can scarcely imagine, my dear Ammonius, the danger I was in from the malice of the theologians in this place. In their quarrelsome humor they had prepared their approaches, and, under the leadership of the vice-chancellor of the University, who is the more mischievous because he is an enemy in disguise of a friend, they had formed a conspiracy against me. I have, however, taken up my abode here, and dissipated all this smoke; and am now on the best terms with them all, from the highest to the lowest." By degrees, however, ugly rumors gained ground. As early as the 31st October 1516, one month only after he had left England, More wrote to tell him that Latimer\* was highly pleased with his New Testament; "in which, however, you have been too scrupulous for his approval. He is not pleased with your retaining the word *Sabbatum*, and the like. He would not admit a single word that has not the sanction of classical authority. I agreed with him, so far as Hebrew idiom and usage would allow, and begged him to send you a list of such words as he would have translated otherwise. But, my dear Erasmus, there are

was given by him to a relative named Christ. Tatum.

\* Professor of Greek at Oxford.

others here who have conspired to read your work with very different intentions; whose design, I confess, fills me with alarm. Don't, therefore, be in a hurry to bring out a new edition. Very sharp critics here have determined to sift your book to the uttermost, and lay hold of all occasions for condemning it. Who are they? you will say. I am afraid to name them; it will strike you with despair. I must tell you, however, that that consummate theologian the Franciscan friar,† of whom you have made such honorable mention in your preface to St. Jerome, has entered into a conspiracy with others of his order to note down your blunders. For the more speedy execution of their task, they divided the work between them, and decided after reading it through with the greatest attention not to comprehend a word of it. You see your danger. They came to this resolution over their cups in the evening; but in the morning, as I hear, forgetting what had passed, rescinded their determination and betook themselves to mendicancy,—a trade they understand much better than criticism."

But notwithstanding this banter, it was necessary for Erasmus to hasten forward a new edition. The first had been produced under very unfavorable circumstances; and when the excitement occasioned by its appearance was over, no one was more ready to acknowledge its imperfections than Erasmus himself. The work had grown upon him, and assumed a dignity and proportion he had never originally intended. At first he had designed to restrict himself to very brief notes, not exceeding two or three words, on such passages of the New Testament as seemed most imperatively to need explanation. When the work was ready for the press, he was persuaded by his friends to correct the grosser errors of the Vulgate, and occasionally change the style into a purer Latinity. "This little additional trouble, as I then thought it," he writes to Budæus, "proved most oppressive. I was next persuaded to increase the length of the notes. The work had to be recast entirely. Another labor succeeded. I had imagined that I should have found more correct copies at Basle; I was disappointed, and compelled to revise the sheets beforehand for the use of the printers. Two persons, one a lawyer, the other a theologian, acquainted with He-

† Dr. Standish.



brew, had been engaged to correct the press. But as they had never been used to this employment, they could not fulfil what they had undertaken; and I had to read the proofs. The work of the editor and that of the printer proceeded simultaneously; and a sheet was finished daily. I could not give my undivided attention to the New Testament, as I was at the same time engaged on St. Jerome. I had resolved to bring out the work before Easter, or die at my post. Again, I was deceived in the size of the volume. The printer assured me it would amount to thirty sheets only; it exceeded eighty-three. Worn out with these labors and occupied with things which properly did not belong to me, I had to proceed to the notes. I did the best I could, considering the time and the state of my health. Some errors I passed over intentionally; some I connived at, in the publication of which I dissented from my own opinions. I am now preparing a second edition, and shall be glad of your assistance."

In the first edition he had admitted corrections with a sparing hand. In his version of the gospels he had closely adhered to the Vulgate. The evangelical narratives were so clear and so simple, written in such a plain and unaffected style, that he thought there was no room for error. Translator and copyist could scarcely go astray. It was otherwise with the epistles. The difficulties and obscurities of St. Paul demanded a greater mastery over the Greek than could be expected from those under whose hands the Vulgate had assumed its present shape. Here there was greater need of revision and explanation. He was urged by his friends, especially in England, to give freer scope to his criticisms; to express his judgment more fully, where before he had been brief and obscure. The success of his paraphrase of St. Paul's Epistles, published about this time, and universally applauded, gave him confidence to make his revision of the gospels correspond with his previous version of the epistles. Greater facilities were at hand, especially the appearance of a new Greek Lexicon, for the more successful prosecution of his task. But he entered upon it with manifest reluctance. He dreaded a return to Basle; and his weak health made him naturally reluctant to expose himself to a repetition of those fatigues and privations from

which he had so recently escaped. "There are three things in Germany I detest," he says in one of his letters: "the stoves, the thieves, and the plague," which was then raging. He could not make up his mind, notwithstanding the high opinion he had of Frobenius, whether to go to Basle or to Venice. He would much rather have gone to neither. Had Greek types been accessible in Louvain or Brussels, he would have consulted his own ease and inclination by remaining in his lodgings. He would rather have forfeited three hundred golden crowns than undertake the journey. "Oh, how I wish you had a fount of Greek types!" he writes to Badius Ascensius,\* a printer near Brussels. "Now, at the hazard of my life, must I go to Basle, to superintend in person the printing of the New Testament." But Badius had no types and there was no alternative.

Before his departure, he sent word to the two best Greek scholars of the day, Latimer in Oxford, and Budæus in Paris, requesting their advice and assistance. But Latimer was formal and pedantic, Budæus envious and conceited. "You know," says More, "how stiff and obstinate are these philosophers. I suppose it is because they take so much pride in their consistency." Whether More was right or wrong in his conjecture, their consistency would not thaw, or not in time to be useful. Once more, then, single-handed, Erasmus wended on his road to Basle, reluctant above all things to stoop his neck to the collar. "Once more here I am in this odious mill," he tells his correspondent De Berghes. By the latter end of 1517 he was hard at work. Next year, on the 25th April, he writes to Henry VIII., who had sent him sixty angels and a pressing invitation to return to England, that he must devote four months to the second edition of his New Testament, but he would leave Basle in the autumn. Before, however, he committed his labors irrecoverably to the press, he had taken the precaution of fixing his wavering friends at Louvain. If he could not prevent, he might anticipate opposition by securing their approbation to his proposed revision. The two whom he had most cause to fear were Dorp and the vice-chancellor; the latter for his insincerity, the former for the flexibility of his temper. Dorp had once attacked him

\* 17th April, 1518.

and repented. The vice-chancellor he held "like a wolf by the ears," to use his own illustration. Ostensibly civil whilst Erasmus was at Louvain, he would join any conspiracy against him when his back was turned. "The time was drawing near," he says in one of his most remarkable letters to Barbiri, "when I had to start for Basle with the second edition of my New Testament. On the eve of my journey, the vice-chancellor invited me to supper. Egmont was there and Vives. I informed the vice-chancellor after supper that I must leave for Basle in a few days. I begged, protested, besought him to do me the favor to tell me, if there was any change he would like to see made in the work; or anything in it prejudicial to good manners or the Catholic faith." He replied he had read over the whole, and it seemed to him pious and learned. "I would rather be admonished than praised," replied Erasmus; "admonition will profit me, praise will not. Now I have opportunity for altering: hereafter it will be too late." Hereiterated his applauses. "If you are sincere, said I, why did you join in the outcry against the first edition?" "Before I had read it," he answered, "many unfavorable criticisms were reported to me; but on reading it I found reasons for changing my sentiments. I approve hugely of what you have done; I cannot say what you may do." "Then," said Erasmus, "if you like the first edition, I will lay my life you will approve of this. He then bade me God speed on my pious labors and my efforts for the advancement of the Christian religion."

He started for Basle about May; how far satisfied with having muzzled the wolf we cannot undertake to say. He is not the only scholar who has tasted such experience. He is not the only divine who has shown notes and prefaces to Christian friends, and found that his unguarded confidences were afterwards so many counts in the charge against him. Vice-chancellors, divinity professors, principals of colleges, the whole battle-array of orthodoxy, with its guns charged and its spears in rest, were for the next four months consigned to oblivion. Even the pleasant summer months were shut out, as he stood in the grim printing-house of Frobenius buried up to the ears in copies of the Fathers, damp sheets, and groaning forms. But the wit, the good humor, the lively sallies, the sparkling repartee, which played and flickered

about his lips, no labor could shut out. "Gracious Heavens!" says Frobenius, in a letter prefixed to his epigrams; "have we not seen Erasmus, when he was with us a year and a half ago, partly employed in turning Greek into Latin, partly in correcting the Epistles and Gospels; now compiling his notes to the *Novum Instrumentum*, anon penning scholia upon St. Jerome? What laborious, what incessant study! What fatigues were his daily portion! In the midst of all, visitors of rank would make no scruple of calling on him and interrupting him about some trifle or another; one would try to wheedle him out of an epigram, another to gain immortality by a letter. And how did he, the most easy, good-natured man in the world, act on these occasions? Did he refuse? did he manifest impatience? He was fully occupied in writing—break off his employments he could not. Yet write he did, at odd moments, as he went backwards and forwards to mass; anything to oblige."

Erasmus returned to Louvain in September, with the first instalment of his work wet from the press. He had left Basle in languid health, occasioned by long confinement. It was a pleasant sail down the Rhine; but the autumn was hot, and at noon the sun was oppressive. At Brisach he was annoyed by the stoves and the abundance of flies,—two plagues he detested. His appetite failed, and his somewhat fastidious taste recoiled from the coarse fare of an inferior German hotel; "nasty plates, nasty pics, nasty salt meats, which had already been served to previous customers,—mere nausea." At the next stage he sat down to supper with more than sixty travellers in a small heated kitchen. "If there be any God," said Luther,\* "for whom the Germans of my days entertain a profound veneration, that is the god *Quaffe*." His orgies were celebrated with an inflexible constancy, known only to Teutonic appetites. No guest was allowed to rise from the table before the clock struck ten; and as the devotees grew hot and noisy over their orgies, the ears and nose of Erasmus, the most sensitive of mortals, were not agreeably entertained. At Spire, his English horse † knocked up from bad treatment. At Mayence he embarked on the Rhine; took an open carriage at Cologne, in a terrible storm, succeeded by

\* Table-Talk, p. 527.

† Urrwick's present.

a rainy night, and reached Aix completely knocked up. Here he was compelled by the officious courtesy of his friends, to dine off fish, — a diet he never could endure.\* In great pain he reached Louvain, where a stupid physician pronounced that he was suffering from the plague, — a signal for all to abandon him. Happily he was compelled to take his case into his own hands. A cup of chicken-broth, rest, and quiet effected his cure. "Who could suppose," he exclaims, "that this frail body of mine, for I am now turned fifty, so slim and so delicate, after such laborious journeys and so much hard study, could have borne up against so many afflictions?"

Just then the dispute between Luther and the Dominicans on the subject of indulgences was deafening the world by its noise and its acrimony. Suspicion was aroused. It was impossible to anticipate how far the mischief might spread, or to what perils this permission of the laity to interfere in theology and pass their judgment on the Scriptures might lead. His enemies in England had not been idle; and his new edition gave them an advantage of which they were not slow to avail themselves. So long as Erasmus had been contented to confine his notes and revision to the text of St. Paul's Epistles, there was no great danger of the dispute extending beyond the ranks of the learned. People at large understood little and cared less for nice points of scholarship. The most potent of orthodox champions would have failed to blow up the excitement beyond blood-heat. Greek particles, minute distinctions between Greek verbs and their tenses, are but poor faggots to kindle a fire with. What cared the uninitiated whether Ecolampadius, who superintended the sheets and lent his Hebrew acquirements to the undertaking, had made a blunder in some point or not? What did they know whether *ὁ Θεός* was more fitly rendered by *tanquam* or *quasi Deus*? Erasmus might have gone on to the end of his days with his learned affectation of *Novum Instrumentum*, free, at least, from popular clamor and danger. Lord mayors and aldermen, the corporation of London, the Court of Arches itself, would have slept on, and turned a dull ear to the rhetoric of Standish and the vitriolic orthodoxy of Lee. In an evil hour Erasmus

\*He used to say of himself, that though his soul was a good Catholic, his stomach was a Lutheran.

had descended to popular ground. He not only enlarged the scope of his notes and trenched on many delicate topics of doctrine and manners, but he had modernized the Latin version of the Gospels. First and foremost he had changed the expression in St. John's Gospel, already sanctified by long usage, and the acknowledged antidote of Arianism, from "*In principio erat Verbum*," into "*In principio erat Sermo*." He had spoken of the histories of the Old Testament (that of Samson, for instance) under the questionable expression of *fabule*. He had accused St. Paul of having recourse to Hebraisms from inability to express himself in correct Greek.\* Christ's equality with the Father he had referred to his human and not his divine nature (Philipp. ii. 16). In his notes to St. Matthew (ch. ii.) he had insinuated that the writers of the gospels might have erred from not examining books, but trusting too much to their memories. As the climax to all these offences, he had struck out from the Epistle of St. John the celebrated verse of the Three Witnesses. Women and children, the most ignorant, the most indifferent, could understand and shudder at the danger when Erasmus was charged with reforming the *Magnificat* and the *Pater Noster*. When Carmelites and professors of theology, in their violet-colored hoods, thundered out anathemas from the pulpits against that profane learning which, discontented with the simplicity of the divine oracles, sought to remodel them to the caprices of itching ears, who could remain unmoved? The days of Antichrist were at hand, and these were the signs of his coming.

Foremost among his opponents were two Englishmen, Dr. Standish, provincial of the Franciscans, about this time appointed bishop of St. Asaph, and Dr. Edward Lee, afterwards archbishop of York, the patron of Roger Ascham. Both these prelates played important parts in the reign of Henry VIII. Standish was descended from an ancient family of that name long settled in Lancashire. He had studied at both universities; had entered the order of Gray Friars, and became warden of their convent in London, now converted into the Blue-coat School. The readers of Burnet will remember that this Standish

\*"The Greek of the Apostles," he says, "is tinged with the peculiar idioms of their native tongue." Elsewhere: "their Greek is not that of Demosthenes, but *e vulgi colloquio*."

was the chief actor in that notable dispute at the outset of Henry's reign between the king and the Convocation. Standish is represented on that occasion as standing up against the bishops and clergy in behalf of the king's supremacy. And if that account is to be trusted, he was more than a match for Warham, Fox, or Wolsey. The story has its difficulties, like many others in this reign. To find the friars the uncompromising advocates of the king's supremacy, and exalting the temporal over the spiritual power, is a fact not easy to be reconciled with our modern notions of these orders. This is clear, however, that the old animosity between the bishops and the religious remained unabated.

We regret we have not room for a graphic account given by Erasmus of the feuds and squabbles which prevailed at this time between the Franciscans and their rivals; but the limits of our space admonish us to be brief. Supreme over all the mendicant friars in England, Standish was a formidable opponent; if not for his talents, for the means he thus possessed of rousing the passions of the people. The exclusive privilege of the mendicant friars to hear confession gave them a hold over every household in England. They were accused of ruling the husband by the knowledge thus obtained from the wife. The female sex, more devout than the male, listened readily to their suggestions. They were the popular preachers; had great social powers; combined in their own persons the qualifications of the home and foreign missionary. In Chaucer's sketch of them, which remained unaltered till they were swept away by the Reformation, they are described as skilful in playing the fiddle and telling good stories; and no one who has looked into their sermons will doubt the correctness of the poet's description. Whilst the Dominicans kept possession of the schools and the monk was confined to his cloister, the friar wandered at large in the towns, and made himself agreeable in the pulpit and out of it. As his reputation with his own order depended on the amount of alms he collected from day to day, all his arts of wheedling and intimidation were thus brought into play. Bare heads and naked feet, tattered russet coats girt with a knotted rope, appealed irresistibly to the charitable feelings of all classes, especially the lower. The poor Carthusian monk of Sterne was in fact a begging

friar of the better sort; and they who escaped the cajolery of the importunate, or defied the unscrupulous, could scarcely stand unmoved before the eloquence of silent poverty, which proffered its claims in the meek accents of pallid faces, uncomplaining grief, and pious resignation. There might be pretenders to sanctity among them; but we have the most undeniable evidence that they preached and prayed where no others of the clergy ventured.

In a most remarkable state-paper, written at the commencement of this reign, giving an account of the wretchedness, confusion, and misgovernment of Ireland, the writer says: \* "What common folk in all this world is so poor, so feeble so ill beseen in town and field, so bestial, so greatly oppressed and trod under foot, as the common folk of Ireland?" And this among other reasons is assigned: "Some say: that the prelates of the church and clergy is much cause of all the misorder of the land; for there is no archbishop ne bishop, abbot ne prior, parson ne vicar, ne any other person of the church, high or low, great or small, English or Irish, that useth to preach the word of God, *saving the poor friars beggars.*" Even Henry himself, though fond of learning, keenly sensible of the ridiculous, and possessed with more than a Tudor's dislike of popular commotion and disaffection, would not allow the friars to be crushed by the superior clergy. This very Dr. Standish was upheld by him against the whole influence of Convocation; against all hostile influence afterwards (and that was not slight), he was advanced by the king to the bishopric of St. Asaph. Nor was it otherwise with Katharine. All her devotional predilections ran in favor of the friars. When she expected a prince, she had recourse to their prayers and their intercessions. The friars of Greenwich, Oxford, and Cambridge received, from her pious hopes and fears, many a charitable dole and many a pound of wax. At all events, like most of her sex, we may be quite certain that she sympathized more with Standish than with Erasmus, and believed, like half the good women in England, that this new method of interpreting Scripture was little better than covert infidelity.

These were the men who were now to signalize their opposition against Erasmus. Shortly after the appearance of the second

\* State-Papers of Henry VIII. ii. 10.



edition of the New Testament, Standish was appointed to preach at Paul's Cross before the lord mayor and corporation of London. After prefacing his sermon with some general observations on charity, he suddenly broke away from the main topic, and launched forth, to the astonishment of his audience, in bitter denunciations against Erasmus. He declared that the total extinction of Christianity was at hand, unless these new-fangled versions of the Scriptures were suppressed. It was intolerable that Erasmus should venture to corrupt the Gospel of St. John, and transform the old reading, "*In principio erat Verbum*," to which the Church had adhered for so many centuries, into the new style of, "*In principio erat Sermo*." Then turning to the lord mayor and corporation, he told them that St. Augustine had given very good reasons for the use of the old word *Verbum*. "But," added he, "that pretentious and shallow Grecian could not comprehend the arguments of the holy father. And, oh!" he exclaimed, "that I should have lived to witness these times,—I, a doctor of so many years standing; I, who have all my life read '*In principio erat Verbum*,' to be sent to school and compelled to read '*In principio erat Sermo*.'" With that he wept, to the astonishment of the men, and the edification of the women.

It was his fortune that day to dine at the palace; and after the meal was over, Standish was introduced to the royal circle. A large assembly of bishops, nobles, and scholars surrounded Henry and Katharine. Bustling through the crowd, Standish fell on his knees, and, raising his hands to heaven, broke forth into loud praises of the king's royal progenitors, who had always religiously defended the Catholic Church against heresy and schism. Most perilous times, he exclaimed, were at hand: Erasmus was daily publishing some new book; and, unless a firm resistance were made to such innovations, Christianity was at an end. Then, turning up his eyes to heaven, he begged Christ to assist his forlorn spouse, though all else forsook her. One of the circle, probably More or Mountjoy, watching his opportunity, slipped down on his knee before the king, and, mimicking the theatrical tones and attitudes of Standish, besought him, as he had inspired their majesties with so much fear and anxiety for the safeguard of Christendom, to be good enough to tell them what were the

perilous heresies and schisms to which he alluded in the writings of Erasmus. Then, stretching out his hand, Standish began to reckon them on the tips of his fingers. "First," says he, "Erasmus denies the resurrection; next, he annihilates the sacrament of marriage; thirdly, he derogates from the eucharist." These assertions occasioned great sensation. His opponent requested him to produce the passages on which these accusations rested. Standish began with his thumb: "First," said he, "that Erasmus denies the resurrection I prove thus: Paul, in his Epistle to the Colossians" (he mistook Colossians for Corinthians) "says: *Omnes quidem resurgemus, sed non omnes immutabimur*; but Erasmus, out of his Greek, reads it thus: *Omnes quidem non dormiemus, sed omnes immutabimur*. It is clear, therefore, that he denies the resurrection." The other explained, that Erasmus had professed to adhere strictly to the Greek text; and as the word "resurrection" had been retained by him in so many other places, it was absurd to say that in this change, which he had adopted on good authority, he had denied the resurrection. "Ah, yes," said Standish, "you mean the authority of St. Jerome; but Jerome took this from the Hebrew." Hereupon, another friend of Erasmus, advancing through the circle, dropped on his knee before the king, and, after reverence done, addressed himself to Standish; "I cry your mercy, reverend father; will you repeat what you said just now, as I was not paying much attention." Standish repeated his remark. Then his opponent, to draw attention to its absurdity, rejoined: "That is no trivial argument which his reverence has advanced; but I should like to reply to it, if his majesty will permit me." Queen Katharine twitching the king called his attention to the speaker: "I don't see," says the objector, with assumed gravity, "what answer can be made to his reverence's argument. I don't suppose he imagines that the Epistles of St. Paul were written in Hebrew, when every schoolboy knows they were written in Greek. What purpose could St. Jerome possibly have in correcting them from the Hebrew, when no Hebrew copies of them ever existed?" Henry saw the bishop's discomfiture; and, with kingly grace, changed the conversation.

But the opposition of Standish, though



veracious enough, was confined to England. A more bitter and formidable enemy sprung up in Edward Lee, chaplain and almoner to Henry VIII. He had written, or more probably had put together, the floating objections of the times against the first edition of the New Testament, and circulated the book in manuscript among his own friends and those of Erasmus. On the return of the latter from Basle, before the notes to the second edition had appeared, he had requested Lee to allow him the sight of his criticisms; if not, he begged Lee to publish them at once, that he might make the necessary corrections in his forthcoming edition. Lee resolutely refused. He was bent on securing a reputation by an attack on the most remarkable author of the age; and his book would have been worthless had Erasmus anticipated his objections. The matter might have ended there, with little credit to Lee's generosity. But Erasmus could not forbear expressing his irritation. He spoke of Lee in terms of great contempt, to more than one of his numerous correspondents: "the earth had never produced anything more arrogant, venomous, or foolish" (xii. 32). He stigmatized him as a conceited young man and a sciolist. With still greater indiscretion, finding all other means ineffectual, he wrote a letter to Lee, in which he had the bad taste to threaten him with the vengeance of his friends in Germany, "who had not yet," as he added, "dropped all their native ferocity." Lee waited for no further provocation. He immediately brought out his book, and prefaced it with the following calm and sarcastic letter. "Edovardus Leeus Desiderio Erasmo salutem. En! nunc demum habes, Desideri Erasme, nostrarum annotationum librum, quem tantopere efflagitasti,—opus, spero, cum primis tibi gratum et jucundum, si non quod nostrum sit, tamen quod tuo nomini nuncupatum, et te annum jam totum hortante emissum; vel forte, eo potius nomine, quod inde orbi nostra prodetur ignorantia, quam tu nullis non modis studes propagari; ut omnes cognoscant me talem esse, qualem tu fingis."

It was evident that the author of such a letter could not be the puny and contemptible adversary Erasmus had represented. Nor was he. Roger Ascham has done justice to the learning of Lee. More and Fisher were inclined to think he had been unfairly treated, and, after the provocation he had received,

he could hardly be expected to remain silent.

Lee took exception to the hasty and perfunctory manner in which Erasmus had introduced emendations into the New Testament. He accused Erasmus of rejecting readings, confirmed by long patristic usage, on the slender authority of a Greek manuscript, as to the age of which and its general accuracy grave doubts existed. He taxed him with citing passages from the Greek copies which were not to be found in them, and omitting such as were. In some instances his Latin version did not correspond with the Greek; in others the true meaning had been misquoted or misrepresented. The rest of Lee's objections related, rather to matters of doctrine and opinion; Erasmus had spoken contemptuously of previous commentators; he had condemned the Church for admitting the Epistle to the Hebrews into the canon; he had asserted that the Gospel of St. Mark was nothing more than a compendium of St. Matthew's. But it was his gravest and most substantial charge that, in the Apocalypse, Erasmus, to supply the defects of his Greek MSS., had ventured on the extraordinary license of turning certain verses into Greek which he had found only in the Latin copies. Objectionable as such an act undoubtedly was, and subversive of all sound criticism and literary honesty, Erasmus had not intended to impose upon his readers. He had acknowledged the fact in his notes. It was indeed much to be wished that Erasmus had candidly admitted these accusations, instead of attempting to recriminate. They were true in the main; they could not be denied. Had he fallen back upon that line of defence which he had taken up at first; had he admitted that in so laborious a work, too rapidly completed and surrounded by numerous obstacles, it was scarcely possible to avoid omissions and errors, he would have diminished nothing of his fair fame. He chose to stand upon the defensive; to hurl back invectives at the head of Lee; and thus he gave an importance to these charges they did not intrinsically deserve. His best friends looked sad; to his enemies he had exposed an advantage of which they were not slow to avail themselves; whilst the Gallios of this world, who regarded with supreme indifference the real question at issue, it afforded a fund of delight to see the great biblical scholar tormented by

petty and malicious assailants. Stunica and Caranza, the successors to Lee and Standish in this inglorious warfare, were as amusing as Pasquin to infidel bishops and classic cardinals at Rome, if not for their wit, yet for their unceasing virulence.

But we must draw these observations to a close. Of the editions of the New Testament which appeared in the lifetime of Erasmus, the fourth, published in 1527, is the most complete, as he had the advantage of the critical aids afforded by the Complutensian. In the third edition, which appeared in 1522, he reinserted, from an English MS., the verse of the Three Witnesses. But, except for the interest which must always attach to first experiments, the Greek Testament of Erasmus has little value for the biblical scholar of the present day. Much beyond his contemporaries in his conception of the duties of an editor, and of the philological requirements for establishing and explaining the text of an ancient author, he fell far below the modern standard. He understood quite as well as later scholars do, that the text of the New Testament must be determined by the ancient Greek copies, supported by the earliest Latin versions and the Greek fathers. He was in some respects even less fettered than modern critics are by prejudices in favor of an authorized text or established translation. He had no leaning to the Vulgate. He was not inclined to attribute to it the praise it unquestionably deserves. The necessity of a careful description of the age and condition of the MSS. and authorities employed by him in forming his text,—an indispensable part of an editor's duty,—he almost entirely overlooked. Consequently, beyond his own critical judgment and sagacity, his text rests on no satisfactory or determinable authority. He would have done more had he done less,—had he been content with a careful edition, resting on one or two good MSS. Therefore, unlike the early editions of the Greek classics, the New Testament of Erasmus is absolutely worthless for all critical purposes. Yet, strange to say, until within a very late period, it remained substantially the only form in which the original was known to the world. It was not in the execution, but in the conception of his work that he deserves our praise. He had not health, patience, or inclination for the tedious and laborious process of collating

MSS. He was much more at his ease in compiling notes and bringing his vast and multifarious reading to bear on the elucidation of the history and antiquities of the New Testament. So far as vast learning can be of service, in this respect, no commentator can be compared to Erasmus. With the whole region of Latin literature he was familiar, and scarcely less at home with the most eminent of the Greek and Latin fathers. At a time when the Greek scholars in England might be counted on the fingers, his notes to the Greek Testament abound in quotations from Homer, the Greek tragedians, Herodotus, Aristophanes, Aristotle, Athenæus, Lucian, and others.

Whatever judgment we may now be inclined to pass on his work, it must be allowed the praise of being the first attempt to introduce a more diligent study of the New Testament. Luther used his labors, and proclaimed his contempt for them, in his noble commentary on the Galatians. Erasmus, he complained, stuck too much to the letter: "*humana prevalent in eo plus quam divina*." \* Yet, in spite of this dictum, are we not entitled to say, after three centuries' experience, that the surest sign of a barren and unreal theology is not over-attention to the critical meaning of the original, but carelessness of the life that is in words? The slow induction, the careful sifting comparison, the spiritual sympathy, so to speak, which alone enable a scholar to understand Plato, or a philosopher to read the material world, must surely be applied to the Greek of the New Testament if we would know its true compass and significance by a profounder insight than we have. The severe beauty of the Vulgate and our own homely and noble English version have partially set aside and obscured their original by the chain of words that come native to our thought and the long link of household associations. Such work as Erasmus's was is dreaded by many as a wanton iconoclasm, a defacing, if not a destruction, of the holiest forms of faith. Perhaps the very fear is the best argument that the task needs to be done again. Of all phases of bibliolatry, that which prefers the copy to the original is surely the strangest. For ourselves, we can only express our firm confidence that the gospels will never lose by being studied in the very words of the evangelists.

\* Luth. Epist. 29.

From The Examiner.

*Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII., Preserved in the Public Record Office, the British Museum, and Elsewhere in England.* Arranged and Catalogued by J. S. Brewer, M. A., under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the Sanction of Her Majesty's Secretaries of State. Vol. I. Longmans.

THE volume is one of the noblest contributions to historical literature possessed by our own or any other nation. Professor Brewer's work, a masterpiece of patient labor under the direction of sound learning and judgment, is one to be learned slowly and thoughtfully, and not until it has been carefully studied can its value be appreciated. Of the importance of the Calendars of State Papers under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, as helps to a true understanding, in many cases to an entire reconstruction, of English history during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, we have several times spoken. But in every respect this Calendar, of which Mr. Brewer says that "in its successful accomplishment Mr. Gairdner, to whose learning, experience, assiduity, cool judgment, and unvarying perseverance, I can hardly express, without seeming to be guilty of extravagance, how much I owe, is as much concerned as myself," is better than the best of its fellows. It is no reproach to the others to say that Mr. Brewer's volume contains evidence of a more surprising industry, and, on the whole, is a more perfect analysis than any of them. These others, moreover, only calendar the documents of single departments of the State, some domestic, some colonial, some foreign, and—with the exceptions of Mr. Sainsbury's last published volume, in which Mr. Brewer's example is followed with notable advantage, of Mr. Bergenroth's abstracts of papers from the Archives of Simancas, and of Mr. Rawdon Brown's kindred selection of Venetian documents, recently entered upon—they are solely digests of material contained in the State Paper Office. The Catalogue, of which the first volume is now before us and of which a second instalment is promised before the end of the present year, is very much more comprehensive. It gives the pith of all letters and papers, foreign and domestic, printed or in manuscript, illustrating the reign of Henry the Eighth, that are to be found, not only in

the Record Office, but also in the British Museum, the Bodleian and Lambeth libraries, and the miscellaneous collections of London, Oxford, and Cambridge, together with a summary of "the French, the Scotch, the Patent, and the Parliament Rolls, the Signed Bills and Privy Seals, the army, navy, ordnance, and wardrobe accounts of the same period, not omitting the transcripts made by the late Record Commission from foreign archives, in the new edition of Rymer's *Fœdera*." In a word, this Catalogue, when complete, and it can hardly be completed in less than eight or ten volumes of some thousand pages apiece, will be a complete abstract of all the material existing in England and of most of that to be found in foreign libraries, that refers to King Henry the Eighth's rule, and that can rightly explain the state of England and its relations with foreign nations during that period.

Of the extreme difficulties that must have been overcome by Mr. Brewer and Mr. Gairdner in deciphering and arranging the papers dispersed among the various libraries, no one can form at all an adequate conception unless he has himself gone through a somewhat similar experience. The complication resulting from the carelessness of some old curators and the mistaken zeal of others, the whims of superiors, and the indolence of subordinates, and, above all, the all but universal contempt which many past generations of Englishmen have felt for their historical muniments, — to all which must be added the frequent ignorance or thoughtlessness of many of the writers of letters and tracts now so valuable to us, — furnish impediments enough to dishearten the most active and clear-headed antiquary. Many of these documents were either never dated or dated in eccentric ways, some nations following the old, others the new, style of chronology, some writers beginning the year at Christmas, others at Easter, and not a few following capriciously sometimes one rule, sometimes another, and sometimes none at all. Only by the most careful and prudent speculation can these discrepancies be approximately corrected; but still greater care and prudence are needed for bringing together the fragments of papers separated by the freaks of librarians or the frauds of collectors. Some of the collections of manuscripts now in the British Museum were made by a series of thefts from the original storehouses,

and often where no dishonesty was intended, the irregularity of officials in the tying and untying of bundles, the sorting and resorting of boxes, or the like, went quite as far towards the establishment of a general confusion. "Treaties made between the same powers, and relating to the same period of history, straggled piecemeal into two or three or even four different depositaries. Parts of the same letter are not unusually found in different libraries; addresses were detached from the bodies of the letters to which they belonged, and inclosures "inserted in the wrong envelopes." Things being so, hearty indeed must be the thanks due from precise students of history,—and from the wide public that reads history through the eyes of the precise student,—to Mr. Brewer, Mr. Gairdner, and their assistants, for their grouping and abstracting of the Henry VIII. Papers.

The first volume of the *Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII.* weighs seven pounds and seven ounces. It includes analyses, the choice bits being quoted intact, of five thousand seven hundred and ninety documents, beginning with the 22d of April, 1509, and ending with the 31st of December, 1514, the whole being contained in nine hundred and seventy-eight closely printed imperial octavo pages. A marvellously comprehensive and comprehensible index occupies a hundred and ninety-seven other pages, and a hundred and twenty-five more are devoted to a preface, in which Mr. Brewer gives an admirable summing up of the results of his exploration of the first five years and eight months of Henry's reign.

It is likely that more than half the students of the Catalogue will go no farther than this preface. Mr. Brewer speaks with authority, for, after reading with minute attention the whole body of original documents, he knows more about his subject than any one else in the world can know now or can ever be expected to know, and everything that he discusses is marked with a singularly clear and honest judgment. He writes, moreover, in notably sound and simple English. We may take, for example, these portions of his personal sketch of Henry VIII., every feature copied from the contemporary accounts:—

"At his accession to the crown he was in the prime of youth and manly beauty. Had he lived in a more poetic age and died before his divorce, he might, without any great ef-

fort of imagination, have stood for the hero of an epic poem. He possessed just those qualities which Englishmen admire in their rulers at all times;—a fund of good temper, occasionally broken by sudden bursts of anger, vast muscular strength, and unflinching courage. In stature he towered above all his contemporaries. From the brilliant crowd that surrounded him he could at once be distinguished by his commanding figure and the superior graces of his person. In an age remarkable for feats of strength, and when bodily skill was held in highest estimation, no one outdid him in the tournament. Man and horse fell before him, and lance after lance, at the jousts held in Tournay in honor of the Lady Margaret and the Emperor Maximilian. . . . He drew the best bow of the age; and in the mastery of it was a match for the tallest archers of his own guard. . . . He spoke French, Italian, and Spanish. Of his proficiency in Latin a specimen has been preserved among the letters of Erasmus. All suspicion of its genuineness is removed by the positive assertion of Erasmus that he had seen the original and corrections in the prince's own hand. In the business of the State he was, with the exception of Wolsey, the most assiduous man in his dominions. He read and noted the despatches of his ministers and ambassadors without the aid of secretary or interpreter. . . . Among his lighter accomplishments, still more rare among the sovereigns and nobility of that age, was his skill in the practice and theory of music. We learn from Sagudino, secretary to Giustinian, who visited England in 1515, that the king practised the lute, organ, and harpsichord 'day and night,' and was passionately fond of music. 'He was extremely skilled in music,' is the remark of Giustinian, an Italian, accustomed to hear the best composers of his country, when the musicians of Italy were scarcely less eminent than its painters. Nicolo Sagudino writes, in 1517, that 'he remained ten days at Richmond with the ambassador, and in the evening they enjoyed hearing the king play and sing, and seeing him dance, and run at the ring by day; in all which exercises he acquitted himself divinely.'

"The vast number of warrants, letters, and despatches which every day demanded his attention and required his signature—and such a signature as was not struck off in a hurry—is entirely at variance with the popular notion that he gave himself up wholly to amusement, and was indifferent to more serious occupations. Had such been the case the business of the nation must have fallen into confusion or come to a stand; and we should have seen some traces of it in the correspondence of the time. On the contrary,



nothing could exceed the regularity and despatch in every department of the State, as shown by the documents now preserved in the Record Office. . . . His delight in gorgeous pageantry and splendid ceremonial, if without any studied design, was not without advantage. Cloth of gold and tissue, New Year's gift's, Christmas masquerades, and May-day mummeries, fell with heavy expense on the nobility, but afforded a cheap and gratuitous amusement to the people. The roughest of the populace were not excluded from their share in the enjoyment. Sometimes, in a boisterous fit of delight, he would allow and even invite the lookers-on to scramble for the rich ornaments of his own dress and those of his courtiers. Unlike his father, he showed himself everywhere. He entered with ease into the sports of others, and allowed them with equal ease to share in his. To this hearty compliance with the national humor, which no subsequent acts, however arbitrary or cruel, could altogether obliterate,—to the impression produced by his frankness and good humor,—to his unquestionable courage, and ability to hold his own against all comers, without the adventitious aid of his exalted position,—Henry VIII. owed much of that popularity which seems unintelligible to modern notions. . . . Englishmen had found at last a living counterpart of that ideal royalty which they had often longed for and seldom been able to realize. That ideal is not ours; it falls far short of our conceptions; still it must be judged by the times. And no attentive reader of the papers or chronicles of this reign will be at a loss to find a counterpart to those passionate expressions of royalty which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Wolsey."

We must find room for a few more sentences from Mr. Brewer's preface defining the value of labor, high and low, and the prices of the necessities and luxuries of life in the early part of the sixteenth century.

"The chancellor's salary was £200 per annum. Speaker of the House of Commons, £100. The king's chief carver has £50; his chief surgeon, 40 marks per annum; librarian, £10; cupbearer, £20. . . . Minstrels were paid 6d. a day, and the marshal of the minstrels, 4 1-2d. a day, and 10 marks per annum. . . . Superior workmen, or freemasons, bricklayers, plumbers, joiners, had in the long months 6d. a day, in the short, 5d.; if on board wages, 4d. and 3d. The ordinary agricultural laborer was paid from Easter to Michaelmas 4d. without meat and drink and 2d. with, and the other part of the year 1 1-2d. with his board. . . . The yearly clothing of a chief shepherd is valued

at 5s., of a woman servant, 4s., and the same for a woman or child. . . . The price of gunpowder was 3 1-2d. or 4d. per lb.; saltpetre, 4d. A hand gun cost 9s.; a great copper gun with two chambers, £35; two iron guns, £25 6s. 8d. . . . The price of provisions for the navy was estimated as follows: biscuits, 5s. the 100; beer, 6s. 8d. the pipe; dried cod, 38s. 4d. the 124; salt, 5d. a bushel; oatmeal, 10d. and some 14d. a bushel; oil, 10d. a gallon. . . . In the navy the admiral had 10s. a day; captains and treasurer, 3s. 6d.; under captains, 1s. 6d.; clerks, 8d., and some 1s.; master and pilot, 30s. a month; master surgeon, 13s. 4d. a month; quarter-master, 7s. 6d.; quarter-master gunner, 6s. 8d.; soldiers and marines, 5s. . . . Coats for the navy, 4s.; jackets, 20d."

As good an illustration as any that can be given of the value of Professor Brewer's Calendar may be drawn from the information afforded by it touching the state of the navy and of maritime affairs in the early years of Henry's reign. In no subject, at this period, did the king take greater interest, and in no respect, save in the bringing about of the English Reformation, did he do more lasting good to his country. With him, indeed, almost begins the history of English naval greatness. England was a seafaring nation from the day when our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, coming in their long "keeles," settled on its shores, and a brilliant tale has yet to be told of the growth of its maritime power during the middle ages. There was strengthening of the national power in the prudent measures by which Alfred the Great reconstructed and greatly enlarged its shipping, and there was preservation of the national honor, as well as extension of our country's commercial relations, and the organizations and maintenance, from a very early period, of the Cinque Ports, The crusades did much to foster a sea-going spirit, and the one good feature in the character of King John, was his zeal in the establishment of convenient ports and in the building of better sorts of ships than had hitherto been known. During the French wars of the first and third Edwards and of Henry the Fifth, including much tough fighting and many noble victories by sea, were for the first time fully developed the resources by which England has become the greatest of maritime nations, and in the eyes of true patriots there was no sadder testimony to the national degradation attendant on the Wars



of the Roses than the decline of naval power. "Now then," we read in "The Libel of English Policy," a political poem written in or near the year 1437,—

"Now then, for love of Christ and of his joy,  
Bring yet England out of trouble and annoy;  
Take heart and will, and set a governance,  
Set many wits, withouten variance,  
To one accord and unanimity  
Put for good wille for to keep the sea . . .  
The end of battle is peace sikerly,  
And power causeth peace finally.  
Keep then the sea about in special,  
Which of England is the round wall;  
As though England were likened to a city  
And the walls round it were the sea."

But not till the time of Tudor rule was this wise view adopted as a main principle in the national policy; and, as we have said, the proper history of English maritime greatness begins with Henry VIII.'s diligent furtherance of the scheme adopted—as we may infer from his known friendship for the Bristol merchants with John and Sebastian Cabot for their leaders, and from the scanty records of other transactions that have come down to us—by his father. Henry VIII. gave less encouragement than Henry VII. had done to the adventurous projects formed by noble men for colonizing the distant countries newly found, or for discovering new passages to the yet more distant shores of India; and on this account writers who sneer at the father for showing a parsimony that was nothing more than reasonable prudence have taken occasion to accuse the son of apathy and ignorance. But herein we see a wisdom and good statesmanship.

It is incredible that Henry, with plenty of ambition and adventurous spirit in his nature, and with more personal liking for naval affairs than perhaps any previous monarch had shown, should have carelessly and indolently held aloof from the pursuit of those splendid enterprises in which the examples of Columbus and his followers, and, nearer home, of the Cabots and their friends, had made all brave men eager to engage. But he saw that there was work enough, and much more pressing work, to be done at home. It was the one great duty of a right-minded king to make England a great nation; and the nation could, just at that time, have been only impoverished and weakened by any spending of its men and money upon Transatlantic colonization and discovery. The finding of a

northern route to the Indies was too arduous and doubtful a work to be undertaken by a prudent monarch; the time had not yet come for making the barren and icy districts in the northern continent of America, to which England had the legitimate claim of first discovery, more productive than any of the gold-yielding and luxuriant provinces of the south; and to have entered into rivalry with Spain for the possession of those provinces would, then more than ever, have been preposterous and impolitic. England was recovering the place in European politics lost during the disastrous half-century of civil strife. France, Germany, and Spain watched her progress with a jealous interest; and all available strength was needed for competing on European ground, as friend or foe, with these three powers. Therefore Henry very wisely kept at home his ships and sailors, did his utmost to augment the naval strength of the country, and did this with marked success. At the time of his accession there could be no question as to the comparative power of England and Spain on the sea. Yet in March, 1513, when the two countries were in league against France, we find Stile, Henry's agent at the Spanish court, writing to him concerning Ferdinand of Arragon, "And where your grace would that the king should augment his army by the sea to the number of five thousand men, in likewise as that your grace intendeth for to increase your army by the sea in likewise to the said number, he answereth that it is not possible for him to make or set forth by the sea above the number of three thousand men for the great lack of mariners that be in these parts, and for the great costs and charges that he is at with his wars in Italy and Barbary, and now shall be with these in Navarre and Guienne."

It was through Henry's personal care that the English navy was developed, the first great motive for its extension being the preparation of a suitable armament against France; and in Cardinal Wolsey he had a noble coadjutor. "He it is who determines the sums of money needful for the expedition, the line of march, the number and arrangement of the troops, even to the fashion of their armor and the barding of their horses. It is he who superintends the infinite details consequent on the shipment of a large army. He corresponds with Gouson and Fox about the victualling, and is busy with beer, beef,

and biscuit, transports, foists, and empty casks. He puts out or puts in the names of the masters of the fleet, and apportioned the gunners and the convoys. Ambassadors, admirals, generals, paymasters, nurses, secretaries, men of all grades, and in every sort of employment, crowd about him for advice and information. By the unconscious homage paid to genius in times of difficulty, he stands confessed as the master and guiding spirit of the age. Well may Fox say, 'I pray God send us with speed, and soon deliver you out of your outrageous charge and labor; else ye shall have a cold stomach, little sleep, pale visage, and a thin belly, *cum pari egestionem*.' "

The armament was completed early in March, 1513. The work done by it is familiar matter of history. The details of its construction, however, are nearly all to be read for the first time in Mr. Brewer's Calendar. It consisted of twenty-four ships, with a total tonnage of 8,460 tons, carrying 2,880 seamen and 4,650 soldiers; the largest vessels being the *Henry Imperial*, which was probably the *Great Harry* supposed to have been built by Henry VII. in 1488, and the *Trinity*, each of 1,000 tons' burden, and bearing four hundred soldiers and three hundred mariners apiece, and the smallest being the *Swallow*, of eighty tons and with seventy men on board. The flagship of Admiral Sir Edward Howard was the *Mary Rose*, carrying six hundred tons, and having on board two hundred sailors and two hundred soldiers. In addition to these there were some five-and-twenty smaller vessels, acting as victuallers to the others.

One of the finest ships in the king's navy, during the early years of his reign, was the *Regent*, of the same size and burden as the *Henry Imperial*. In August, 1512, it came into collision with a great French vessel, the *Cordelier* of Brest, with a crew of 1,600 men. After an hour's fighting, the English ship obtained the mastery, whereupon its French antagonist, accidentally or by design, was set on fire, and the flames spreading, both vessels and most of their crew were destroyed. It was to repair the English loss that the *Henry Grace a Dieu*, of 1,500 tons' burden, was built, at a total cost, including the expenses of three small galleys attached, of £7,708 5s. 3d. The actual material cost £3,531 5s. 13-4d.; the chief items being 1,752 tons of timber, charged at £437

17s. 7 1-4d.; wrought and unwrought iron, £408 19s. 7 1-2d.; brass, £243 6s. 3 1-2d.; and cordage, £969 2s. 11d. The wages of laborers from the 3d of October, 1512, to the 6th of July, 1514, the time occupied in building, amounted to £2,192 6s. 3d.; and the food supplied to them during the same period cost in all £1,969 18s. 2d., £370 7s. 8d. being paid for 7,497 2-3 dozen loaves of bread £526 19s. 11d. for 1,543 pipes and two kilderkins of beer, £706 17s. 9d. for 557 beeves, £87 2s. 10d. for 4,522 cods, £19 4s. for 303-4 wheys of cheese, and £4 6s. for seven barrels of butter, then an article very little used.

This great ship, certainly a very great one in Henry's day, though now very small beside an ordinary man-of-war, was dedicated with great triumph in the middle of June, 1514, the ceremony being performed by the king in the presence of his queen, the bishops, the nobility, and the representatives of foreign States. The ambassadors of the Emperor Maximilian were present at the ceremony, and they wrote in envious wonder to tell their master of the large vessel, larger than any other in the world, built in seven tiers, one above another, with an incredible array of guns, a scuttle on the top of the mainmast, eighty serpentine and trackbuts. The king himself, they said, conducted the company through the ship, and pointed out to them its merits. Of its service in battle, or its swiftness at sailing, the present volume of Mr. Brewer's Calendar gives no account. On the latter point some information, concerning other ships, was given by Sir Edward Howard, in a letter written to Henry in March, 1513, because "the king commanded him to send word however the ship did sail." In a trial of speed he said the *Mary Rose*, "your good ship, the flower, I trow, of all ships that ever sailed," sailed best. "The next ship that was to me, but the *Trinity* was three mile behind; but the *Trinity* past not half a mile behind me. Sir, she is the noblest ship of sail is this great ship, at this hour, that I trow to be in Christendom."

Besides the king's own ships, there were, of course, an immense number, large or small, distributed among the various ports and engaged in trade, that could be made available for the public service if requisite. In Bristol, the greatest port after London, seventeen were lying in January, 1513, and many others traded to and from each of the other ports.

The construction of regular ships of war being new, it had not yet become uncommon for vessels to be hired for a season, and temporarily fitted out for battle. In this way, in case of emergency, the fleet might be much increased, and in case of any of the regular war ships being destroyed in fight, their places might be taken by others after a very brief training and by a very easy equipment. Notwithstanding the many improvements made by Henry VIII. and his enlightened statesmen, the true naval power of England was only partially developed during his reign. Its establishment was necessarily slow. There was need of all the experience of Queen Elizabeth's reign, of such bold expeditions as those of Gilbert and Frobisher, Drake and

Raleigh, and of such desperate encounters as the Armada fight, before an English maritime spirit could be fully brought out. It was not till late in the sixteenth century that Englishmen fairly understood the value of their great birthright, or saw that their nation was destined by nature to be the mistress of the sea, and that only by the sturdy and dignified assertion of the claim could its honor and welfare be effectively maintained. On the way in which that lesson was learnt, and on the effect which it had on the progress of English liberty, we may have occasion to say something when speaking of two *Calendars* belonging to the Stuart period, that have been lately published.

At Naples, says the correspondent of the *Times*, a Frenchman in good circumstances has for a year or more tenanted a small house close to the hotel La Gran Bretagna, on the road to Qui si Sana, close to Castellamare. Singular in his habits, it was the common opinion that his mind was affected. On fast days he insisted on having fish served of a particular length; and on other days a fowl of a particular size and measurement. Woe to the landlord if his orders were not obeyed to the letter. Most of his time was spent in strict seclusion, when he occupied himself in making machinery, but of what kind was unknown, as no one was permitted to enter his room. On the night of the 24th of April a heavy sound was heard in the house, but it led to no inquiry as M. Couvreux was a man of such peculiar habits. On the following day, however, some alarm was created by his non-appearance, and the police were sent for. To repeated knocks no answer was returned, and at last the wall was broken through and the room entered, when the following scene presented itself: A perfectly formed guillotine stood in the centre of the doorway leading into another room; the knife had fallen, and on this side lay a body, while in the other room lay the head of the poor victim of insanity. On the table was a letter directed to his brother in Paris, in which is a will, which, among other bequests leaves 1,000 francs to his landlord and 1,000 francs to an inhabitant of Castellamare. Regular in his payments and conduct, he seems to have had but one object in life, which was to build the instrument of his death, and it is described as being of the most delicate construction. There is nothing to be added to this sad and extraordinary tale, except that the unfortunate man had emasculated himself previously to his self-decapitation.

THE ROMANCE OF WAR.—The following bit of the romance of the war is from a letter dated at Lake Providence, La.:

"The First Kansas regiment, of which I have spoken before, is encamped near us. One of the members of that regiment, a sergeant, died in the hospital two weeks ago. After death his comrades discovered that their companion, by the side of whom they had marched and fought for almost two years was—a woman. You may imagine their surprise at the discovery. I went to the hospital and saw the body after it was prepared for burial, and made some inquiries about her. She was of rather more than the average size for a woman, with rather strongly marked features, so that with the aid of a man's attire she had quite a masculine look. She enlisted in the regiment after they went to Missouri, and consequently they knew nothing of her early history. She probably served under an assumed name. She was in the battle of Springfield, where General Lyon was killed, and has fought in a dozen battles and skirmishes. She always sustained an excellent reputation both as a man and a soldier, and the men all speak of her in terms of respect and affection. She was brave as a lion in battle, and never flinched any duty of hardships that fell to her lot. She must have been very shrewd to have lived in the regiment so long and preserved her secret so well. Poor girl! she was worthy of a better fate. Who knows what grief, trouble or persecution induced her to embrace such a life?"

A CORRESPONDENT, something new  
Transmitting, signed himself X. Q.  
The editor his letter read,  
And begged he might be X. Q. Z.

From The Spectator.

## THE COURT OF PETER THE GREAT.\*

THIS book is by far the most valuable addition recently made to our knowledge of Peter the "Great." Ordinary readers had an idea that despite his ability and the strides which Russia made under his rule, and notwithstanding his taste for the sea, and for manual labor, the Czar Peter was at bottom rather a brute. This belief, however, rested rather on the account of the murder of his son, and on a mass of very dubious anecdotes, than on any evidence which the public were inclined to accept, and was very generally rejected. Tradition was friendly to the great czar, partly because, while possessed of absolute power, he strove like an ordinary mortal to improve his information, and partly because his reign was favorable to English interests—a circumstance too often atoning in British judgment for any amount of villany. Every story to his disadvantage was accordingly explained or denied, every proved accusation excused by references to bad education, the savageness of his people, and his own proneness to fits of more than Asiatic rage. A latent suspicion, however, remained which this book for the first time confirms. It is a diary kept by J. G. Korb, secretary to the embassy despatched by the Emperor of Austria to the czar, in 1698, to settle the terms of an offensive treaty against the "enemies of the Holy Cross," the Turks. The embassy remained in Russia some months, during all of which time the secretary, a shrewd, observant, and slightly sarcastic man of the world, jotted down all he heard or saw that he deemed important. On his return he implored permission to publish his narrative, which was granted, the diary being in Latin, and the work was pretty widely distributed; but the czar took offence at its descriptions, and the book was almost suppressed. Seven copies only are known to have been preserved, and of these one, retained in the library given by the Cardinal of York to Frascati, was found by Count MacDonnell, and by him translated into English. The quaint style of the original has been carefully preserved, and the story bears the impress of truth in every line.

It is full of praise of the czar, but it

proves, incidentally as it were, and without a word of blame, that he was an irredeemable savage, reigning over a people but one degree less bloodthirsty than himself. The czar had been absent in Belgium when the ambassador arrived, but he returned post haste on intelligence of the revolt meditated by the Strelitz, and the embassy speedily obtained an idea of the strange character they had come to conciliate. The czar held a feast on the day of the new year, 1st September, and invited among his nobles some common sailors, "with whom the czar repeatedly mixed, divided apples, and even honored one of them by calling him brother." All this while the court barber was shaving such of the guests as wore the beard, and the refractory were punished by repeated boxes on the ear. At the very first dinner to the embassy his majesty told the Polish envoy, jesting on his fatness, "It was not in Poland, but here in Moscow, that you crammed yourself," a lowbred hit at the free maintenance the czar gave to all ambassadors. Then, quarrelling with the general-in-chief, he left the room, questioned the private soldiers as to his misdeeds, and returning, "drew his sword and facing the general-in-chief, horrified the guests with this threat, 'By striking thus, I will mar thy mal-government.' Boiling over with well-grounded anger, he appealed to Prince Romadonowski, and to Dumnoi Mikitim Mosciwicz; but finding them excuse the general-in-chief, he grew so hot that he startled all the guests by striking right and left, he knew not where, with his drawn sword. Knes Romadonowski had to complain of a cut finger, and another of a slight wound on the head. Mikitim Mosciwicz was hurt in the hand as the sword was returning from a stroke. A blow far more deadly was aiming at the general-in-chief." He was saved by General Lefort, the czar's tutor, and probably the only man he ever loved; but his master's affection did not save him from a "hard blow on the back." Another evening seeing Menschikoff dancing with his sword on, he taught him to lay it aside "by inflicting a box, to the force of which the blood that spouted abundantly from his nose bore witness." On another occasion, while General Lefort was giving a dinner to the envoy and the czar, Peter annoyed by the quarrelling of two of the guests, high nobles of the court, threatened them with immediate death,

\* *The Court of Peter the Great.* By an Austrian Secretary of Legation. Translated by Count MacDonnell. Bradbury and Evans.



and violently struck his host for attempting to mitigate his fury. "One of the boyars was abusing the freedom of speech rather too much in the czar's presence, in Bebraschen-sko; but he has been castigated bodily, and the smart of the stripes has duly impressed upon him how much it behooves him to be of reverent speech with his sovereign." The amusements were as uncivilized as the pleasures, both partaking in the highest degree of the Asiatic contempt for opinion. "A sham patriarch and a complete set of scenic clergy, dedicated to Bacchus, with solemn festivities, the palace which was built at the czar's expense, and which it has pleased him now to have called Lefort's. A procession thither set out from Colonel Lima's house. He that bore the assumed honors of the patriarch was conspicuous in the vestments proper to a bishop. Bacchus was decked with a mitre, and went stark naked, to betoken lasciviousness to the lookers on. Cupid and Venus were the insignia on his crozier, lest there should be any mistake about what flock he was pastor of."

These, however, are trifles compared with the punishments inflicted on the strelitz. These licentious troops, who had been pampered by Sophia into *quasi* independence, were incessantly plotting rebellion, and might, had they been united, have upset the throne. They had, however, neither leader nor organization, revolted by regiments or groups of regiments, instead of *en masse*, and were put down with merciless severity. Hundreds were slowly roasted to urge them to confess, and many more broken on the wheel, the czar being always present, and often himself the executioner. Some officials whose curiosity led them to the dungeons, found the czar and the chief boyars engaged in torturing the prisoners in ways not specified, but which may be guessed from the following description: "After being most atrociously flogged with the *knout*, fire was applied to roast them; when roasted, they were scourged afresh, and after this second flogging, fire was applied again. The Muscovite rack alternated with these." These tortures, it is specially affirmed, took place in the czar's presence, as he was afraid to trust the examination to the boyars. The "czar had a strelitz broken on the wheel chiefly for having dared to say that General Lefort was the cause of the czar's travelling abroad." "At

length, consideration for their youthful years and the weakness of their unripe judgment saved five hundred Strelitz from capital punishment, but their noses and ears were cut off, and they were transported to the remotest frontier provinces with that indelible stigma for the crime they had meditated. Fiera, bedchamber-woman to Sophia, and the confidant of all her secrets, was dragged to be interrogated by the czar under the torture; but when she was stripped naked, and groaning under the lashes of the knout, it was perceived that she was advanced in pregnancy; and on being pressed by the czar she imputed it to her libidinous commerce with a certain chorister, by which admission, and by confessing about several things concerning which she was questioned, she freed herself from further lashing." But she was beheaded, nevertheless. The czar himself would thunder at his boyars for trembling, "for that no fatter victim could be immolated to God than a wicked man." Men were even tied alive upon the wheel, only their feet being broken, there to die of hunger; and one man was hanged close by the window of the czar's sister's room with a petition tied in his fingers, in mockery of the petitions his sister had received. These atrocities were, in all cases, due to the personal order of the czar, who, on one occasion, after racking a rebel till the bystanders "heard the horrible crackling of his members torn from their natural sockets," ordered him to be roasted for a quarter of an hour. With that strange strength which seems to be given to men in such hours, the poor wretch still refused to betray his accomplices, when "the czar, tired at last of this exceedingly wicked stubbornness of the traitor, furiously raised the stick which he happened to have in his hand, and thrust it violently into his jaws—clenched in obstinate silence—to break them open, and make him give tongue and speak. And these words, too, that fell from the raging man: 'Confess, beast, confess!' loudly proclaimed how great was his wrath."

"It was the vice of the age!" Trash. This crowned executioner was the contemporary of William the Third, of the man who "was resolved to deny his enemy the privilege of being a martyr." "It was the way of his people!" Peter professed to be in advance of his people, and the Archimandrite of Moscow, horrified by his cruelties, in-



interceded for the victims and was roughly repulsed. "It was necessary for the country." Death was, but not torture; for the strelitz simply defied him, and the Secretary of Legation records repeatedly his impression that these horrible punishments had no effect whatever. He was mad! A madman, then, re-organized Russia, doubled his empire, made an army, built a fleet, and so impressed himself upon Europe that he received the title previously confined to Alexander of Macedon and the Emperor Karl. The czar was

simply a brute, a whitewashed Asiatic, capable like all Asiatics when opposed, of the most horrible cruelty, and wholly insensible even when present to the spectacle of human suffering. We doubt if it did not titillate him with a pleasurable excitement, as it is said to have done Nero, and did do many a Roman patrician. There is no proof in all this, that the czar was not the statesman he is reputed to be; but that he was also a brute is now indubitable, and let him in future be so described.

A VERY OLD MAN.—An Iowa paper thus brags of "western productions:" "The West can beat the East in raising vegetables. We have seen radishes in this State twenty-eight inches in circumference. The West can also eclipse the East in rattlesnakes. But in rearing grandfathers and grandmothers prairie land must yield the palm to down east. We saw on our streets, on the 22d instant, a man who was ninety-four years old that day. He was born in the land of steady habits (Woodbury, Litchfield county, Conn.) on the 21st of May, 1769. He has children sixty-four years old, grandchildren forty-four, and great grandchildren nineteen. He is sprightly, and can walk fifteen or twenty miles a day. He voted for Washington the second time he was elected; was in the war of 1812, and fought at Queens-town, on the Niagara river; saw Buffalo burned in December 1813, and removed to Huron county, Ohio, in 1816. Latterly he has lived in Grant county, Wisconsin. His mental faculties are in good condition, and it is refreshing to talk with a patriot of the olden times. He is an uncompromising Union man, and thinks no better of copperheads than Washington did of Tories eighty-five years ago."

LATIN ELEGY BY PRAED: GREEK: ENGLISH. In Neale's *Views of Seats* ("Description of Broadlands"), is a copy of the celebrated Epitaph on Lady Palmerston; and with it, one of the Greek elegy from the *Anthologia*. The following, by Praed, written at Eton, is something like the Greek, and it has the advantage of being in the same metre—a metre particularly adapted to tender subjects:—

"Qua gelido recubas, frustra formosa, sepulchro  
Herba viret, niveis herba decora rosis;  
Nec signant monumenta locum, nec nomen  
adeempto  
Servant perpetua tristitia saxa nota.  
Si quid id est, memini! nec sculptas arte co-  
lumnas,  
Nec tumuli curat carmina, vera fides.

Sit tibi pro busto pietas; hoc munere vivis,  
Et quam non servant marmora, servat amor.  
Hæc lyra te solita est vivam celebrare me-  
amque,  
Nec mea, nec viva es, te tamen usque cano;  
Nam veteres nequeunt nismus dediscere chordæ;  
Et redeunt labris nomina nota meis.  
Nulla dies oritus quæ te non reddat amanti,  
Quæ te non revocat vespera nulla redit.  
Cum mihi mors aderit, misero reticente magis-  
tro,  
Sponte sua poterit 'Thyrza' referre chelya."  
W. D.

—Notes and Queries.

#### THE UNIVERSITY OF GOTTINGEN.

Long since, if the history be true,  
Old mildewed folios rotting in,  
There was a Radical who knew  
Much grief, and ate much water-gruel,  
meagre mixture, at the U-  
niversity of Gottingen.

Was it the gentle Mr. Bou-  
verie, the House who's plotting in?  
Or wise Grant Duff, who'd make a Jew  
Professor? or that prater stu-  
pendous, James White, who loved the U-  
niversity of Gottingen?

Isis and Cam shall soon see U-  
nitarian Fellows trotting in;  
Colensoes logical and lu-  
cid shall tutorial work pursue,  
When England also has her U-  
niversities of Gottingen.

Vain are these dreams of roseate hue,  
Bewitching and besotting in  
Your restless brain, sagacious Bou-  
verie: for all that you can do,  
Oxford and Cambridge won't be U-  
niversities of Gottingen.

—Press.

From The Examiner.

*God's Glory in the Heavens.* By William Leitch, DD., Principal and Primarius Professor of Theology, University of Queen's College, Canada. Strahan and Co.

*The Lunar World, its Scenery, Motions, etc.; considered with a View to Design.* By Josiah Crampton, A.M., Rector of Killesher, Author of "Descriptive Astronomy," "Recent Discoveries," etc. A. and C. Black.

THE question of a plurality of habitable worlds, freely discussed and pretty nearly exhausted, some seven or eight years ago, has been revived among one class of students, and with special reference to one of the heavenly bodies, by the publication of Professor Hansen's hypothesis respecting lunar gravitation. Anxious to explain the moon's occasional deviation, by a second or two, from its prescribed path, Professor Hansen entered upon a series of minute observations and calculations, resulting, as it seems, in a proof that the density of the moon is unequal, her real centre being about thirty-seven miles distant from her centre of gravity; in other words, that one of her sides is heavier than the other, and that in her revolutions round the earth the lighter side always faces it. If this be true, as is urged by some speculators, then the side next the earth is, as it were, the top of a vast mountain, a hundred and thirty-four miles high, from which all air and water would perforce fall down to the lower and heavier regions; and, consequently, while the near hemisphere is a lifeless desert, without atmosphere and unfit to sustain existence, the hidden side may have a human population, rejoicing in all the comforts which must result from having a double allowance of air and water. "The imagination," says Principal Leitch, who unreservedly adopts this theory, "is set free to picture broad oceans, bearing on their bosom the commerce of this new world, rivers fertilizing the valleys through which they flow, a luxuriant vegetation, and buildings of colossal size. . . . We can conceive the intrepid lunar inhabitants venturing, as far as they can breathe, within the barren hemisphere; just like adventurous travellers on our globe, scaling lofty mountains, to obtain an extended view of the landscape. . . . What an astonishing spectacle must burst upon the view of the lunar tourist as soon as he fairly gets within the new hemisphere! . . . What

a tale of wonder will he have to tell when, after his perilous adventures, he returns to the bosom of his family!"

It is with such fancy-talk that Dr. Leitch weakens what would otherwise be a strong book made up of chapters originally published in *Good Words*, but here nearly doubled in size by the addition of new matter. His volume consists of fanciful descriptions of the chief objects of interest in the heavens, interspersed with minute speculations thereon, and of sober interesting information given in well-chosen, intelligible words, aided by a number of capital illustrations, and having for supplement thirty pages full of very useful tables, showing at a glance all the laws found to regulate the movements of the heavenly bodies and all the more important results respecting the volume, mass, density, diameter, distance, and the like of both planets and fixed stars. There is so much pleasant and instructive matter in the book that we regret the more that its author should have indulged in so many "journeys through space," and should have been so free in the adoption of new hypotheses, and old wives' tales, none of which can be proved, some of which have been already disproved. Writing in 1860, he speaks of the danger likely to result from our earth's passing through a comet's tail, as, among other things, "we know that the most deadly miasmata are so subtle that it is impossible to detect them by any chemical test, and a very homœopathic dose of a comet, in addition to the elements of our atmosphere, might produce the most fatal effects." Reprinting his essay in 1863, he has not taken the trouble to correct his own and other people's error by a report of the actual consequences of such a collision, experienced in 1861. Some of his speculations again are so extravagant that we are half tempted to quote against him a story told by the Rev. Josiah Crampton of an eccentric friend who insisted that the moon was none other than the "Heavenly Jerusalem," destined, according to the literal reading of the Book of Revelation, to come down upon the earth at the last day. "On my modestly hinting that the appearance of the moon at present did not seem to resemble the city described in the Apocalypse, he exclaimed loudly and energetically, 'No, my dear friend; that is the very point—that is the very reason why I have come to the conclu-

sion. This side, it is true, is barren, but the Heavenly Jerusalem is on the other side, purposely concealed from us till the time comes."

Mr. Crampton's book is itself not free from the disagreeable habit of launching out in "flights through space," and now and then he appears to twist facts, of course unconsciously, to fit his theories. His little work, however, is on the whole a very full and clever exposition of the subject with which it is occupied. That it has already reached a fourth edition is proof of the interest it is able to arouse. In eighty pages and with fifteen good illustrations, Mr. Crampton de-

scribes in precise terms the appearance of the moon, as seen through the best telescopes, enumerating all the mountains and valleys, shown on the side towards us, describing her real and apparent movements in space, her mass and density, and the extent of her influence upon the oceanic tides of the earth. Very curious, certainly, are some of the parallels drawn by him between lunar and terrestrial scenery, and very interesting are some of the calculations with which he illustrates, from the nearest and most beautiful of the heavenly bodies, the exquisite order in which all have been designed.

**THE GIRARD COLLEGE, PHILADELPHIA.**—The number of applicants for admission into the Girard College has been greatly augmented by orphanage occasioned from the deaths of our citizens since our national strife. As orphanage is one of the consequences attendant on battles, earnest efforts should be made to give to such orphan-made youth an early participation in the benefits of the college. This class is increasing. Its cause of growth is existing. The number of applicants on the list for admission on the 31st of December last was one hundred and forty-one. This number has accumulated for over two years. On the 1st of January, 1848, the Girard College was formally opened. From that period to January 1st, 1862, there have been admitted nine hundred and seventy-three pupils, or equal to sixty-four and a half each year. Of these nine hundred and seventy-three, twenty died, and ninety-six were dismissed, and sixty had their indentures cancelled.

During these fifteen years, one hundred and fifty-six pupils have become of age, who were apprenticed as required by the will of Mr. Girard. Of these one hundred and fifty-six apprentices, twenty-three absolutely absconded from their masters, thirteen left their masters owing to various causes, and one hundred and twenty served out with credit their term of apprenticeship. Thus we have one hundred and twenty pupils as the ascertained successful result of fifteen years of experimental effort; or, one hundred and twenty pupils educated, apprenticed, and of age, and thus creditably and successfully prepared by the college for the practical duties of life.

The gross income of the Girard estate since the opening of the college, and the fund expended in the same period for repairs to buildings, the support and education of the pupils, and the average number, are here given:

	Income.	Av.No.Pupils.	Sum Ex.
1848 . . .	\$158,992.58	300	\$55,054.46
1849 . . .	147,786.03	300	44,100.00
1850 . . .	176,960.39	300	66,431.81
1851 . . .	144,756.18	300	61,794.14

1852 . . .	156,308.30	295	60,512.37
1853 . . .	177,013.37	295	63,309.76
1854 . . .	191,336.85	300	71,402.37
1855 . . .	188,754.96	300	81,754.84
1856 . . .	194,487.09	300	82,963.33
1857 . . .	191,420.96	295	88,173.42
1858 . . .	190,774.31	350	81,949.38
1859 . . .	186,492.10	325	85,762.25
1860 . . .	186,833.05	340	80,943.53
1861 . . .	172,581.60	375	81,547.49
1862 . . .	131,552.74	400	73,247.72

On February 12, 1862, date of last catalogue, there were four hundred pupils in the college. From that date to the 31st of December, 1862, there were fifty-nine pupils admitted; making the whole number for the last year four hundred and fifty-nine.

Thirty-eight pupils have been apprenticed during 1862. There are now on trial, previous to being apprenticed, eighteen pupils.

Ten pupils have been dismissed from the college since January 1, 1862, indentures of three cancelled, and none have died, leaving, on the 31st of December last, four hundred and eighty pupils in the college.

In the ranks of the Federal army there have been found, and now are, many former pupils of this college. One of these young heroes lies buried within the enclosurb of the college cemetery.

The will of Stephen Girard devised to the city of Philadelphia, in trust, two millions of dollars, the income to be devoted "to provide for such number of poor male white orphan children as can be trained in one institution, and obtain a better education, as well as a more comfortable maintenance than they usually receive from the application of the public funds."

The college buildings and grounds were transferred to the directors of the Girard College Nov. 13, 1847, having cost the sum of \$1,933,821.78.

The college, out-buildings, and grounds which comprise what is called "Girard College," are monuments of munificent liberality, unrestricted expenditure, and the influence of a cultivated aesthetics.

From The N. Y. Evening Post, 29 May.  
THE MISSION OF THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

GENERAL THOMAS left Washington on the 26th of March invested with full and extraordinary powers to "regulate the whole negro business; that is, to prescribe the use of all the physical force of the negro population in putting down the insurrection, and at the same time to organize the unmilitary part of it for the prosecution of productive labor in the field." Mr Lincoln could not have chosen a better man to carry out his policy. General Thomas was born in the State of Delaware, and passed the early years of his life surrounded by the associations of slavery. For a long time before the breaking out of the rebellion he was, in fact, more the head of the army than General Scott himself, who was debarré by age and infirmity from active service. All military details were managed by him. He possessed the esteem and confidence of army officers. To have chosen a stranger to them, or a new man with whom they had never maintained any correspondence, or a civilian, would have endangered the success of the scheme. An anti-slavery man would have made it liable to suspicion and severe strictures. General Thomas was not in any degree embarrassed by opinions on slavery. He was simply a soldier, a disciplinarian, brought up to obey orders, both in the spirit and in the letter. "You know," he wrote lately to a friend in this city, "that I have not the disease 'nigger on the brain.' It is the settled policy of the government," he continued, "to use this physical force in every possible way to aid in crushing the cursed rebellion, and to provide for the comfort and wellbeing of the large masses of men, women, and children coming within our lines. He was fully aware of the prejudices of the people of the free States against negro emigration northward, and as it was impossible to remove the blacks out of the United States, there was nothing left to do but to help them "find their home in the land of their birth." Such is the comprehensive mission of the adjutant general, to carry out which he is invested by the Government with "full and extraordinary powers."

The first thing to be done was to communicate directly and personally with the officers and men of the army. "To render the policy effective," he said, "it is necessary that every officer and soldier should hear it from my own lips, and not from irresponsible persons." He began immediately to address the troops by divisions, in masses of from four to seven thousand; and, after stating the case fully, he invited the men to call on any one for a speech. The commanding officers re-

sponded, in every instance seconding and sustaining the efforts of the adjutant general, and the closing ceremony—which was to "give three cheers for the president and the policy"—was joined in with universal and enthusiastic shouts. Not a discordant voice was heard in the vast crowds that were brought together on these occasions.

The adjutant general gave special orders that all negroes coming within the lines of the army should be "kindly treated, clothed, fed, and the able-bodied armed." He found some of the men already at work, but the women and children were generally "huddled together in ill-ventilated camps, in little shanties and excavations on the hill sides, clothed in dirty rags, and without adequate medical attendance in sickness." The mortality among them was frightful. At Helena, Arkansas, twenty-five hundred had died, and hundreds in other places. No systematic treatment of them had been adopted. Though serving well as teamsters and laborers, they received nothing in return but food; and instead of kindness, it was the "damned nigger," and he was "kicked and cuffed in every direction." "No wonder," says General Thomas, "that so many returned to their masters, saying they preferred slavery to such treatment." But his coming changed all this. It became known that he was "authorized to give appointments to proper persons for organizing regiments, and to dismiss from the service any officer who maltreated the negro, or interfered with the policy adopted by the Administration with regard to him." His success was far beyond his expectations. "Officers of rank who, it was thought, would stand aloof, or not lend their influence, gave their hearty co-operation. The fact is, they only wanted to know officially what the Government wished, and they were ready to do their part."

Arrangements were immediately made to raise twenty regiments of new troops. We have lately heard that ten of these were organized, and rapid progress is making with the remainder. These troops are to be placed west of the Mississippi river, where they are to keep down the guerillas and to protect the laboring negroes on the abandoned plantations. "They can operate back to the Red River and into Texas. I shall draw largely," says the general, "of negroes, mules, cattle, etc., from that extensive belt of alluvial land opposite, in Mississippi, stretching from below Memphis to Vicksburg two and a-half degrees, and reached out from the river midway a degree." An immense district of this region has been flooded by the rebels to arrest the progress of our armies, and by the Union army to destroy their supplies. More than a million of acres, or about sixteen hundred



square miles of arable land, have been put under water. But vast as this sounds to the ear, it is but a small area on the grand map of that territory.

The military part of General Thomas's mission is, however, only one half, and in the long run will prove the lesser half of it. The other is to inaugurate "a system of culture for all blacks who do not enter the military service; to transfer the burden of their support from the government to themselves, and to demonstrate that the freed negro can be paid fair wages and yield a handsome profit to his employer." The rate of wages is now fixed at one half the usual average, in consideration of the lateness of the season before the plan was begun, and of the risks and uncertainties inseparable from so great a change in the circumstances of the negroes. Some time must elapse before they can be brought into thorough discipline, and feel that degree of confidence in the new state of things without which they could not be content. The plan is to let out plantations to persons who have capital to stock them, and who will engage to pay the negroes wages. Mules and utensils brought in by the foraging parties will be sold to them at a low price. It is expected that many persons who have contemplated moving to the far West to get beyond the desolations of the war will fall in and occupy these nearer lands. Between the mouth of White river in Arkansas and the advanced lines of our army south there are now near two hundred abandoned plantations that may be occupied at once. The tillage is already broken, the ground cleared, and in many cases buildings left good enough for pressing convenience. The general has found several gentlemen from St. Louis and Memphis to assist and co-operate in his plans. Among others, Judge Dent, of California, brother-in-law of General Grant, has taken a plantation and entered upon it with one hundred mules early in April. Old planters who had been or still are slaveholders are entering into the Government's plans. They are well aware that the proclamation has disposed of slavery under the law, and their only course is to employ negroes as free men on wages.

An interesting case mentioned by General Thomas is that of Mr. Montague, a native of Virginia, but long a prosperous planter in Louisiana. He occupied a large farm on Bayou Tenzas, with two hundred negroes, not one of whom had left him, though our lines were not far distant. When the rebellion broke out he assembled his family, and all joined in a pledge of loyalty to the Union. He had suffered much annoyance from the rebels and many indignities, but was too old and respectable to be maltreated personally. He has taken one of the abandoned planta-

tions, and fully adopted the government system, agreeing to pay the negroes wages. Up to the middle of April the commissioners acting under General Thomas had given out eleven plantations to true and responsible men. "I ought to have been here weeks ago," says the general in a letter dated Miliken's Bend, April 17th, "and then I could have made the experiment fully successful; but, even now, with energy on the part of lessees and superintendents, much more may be done."

We can hardly over-estimate the important consequences that are destined to flow from the institution, by the Government, of this negro labor system. It is the most practical method of carrying out the proclamation, and already promises to untie the Gordian knot that keeps the border States half in the power of the rebellion. Let it be established by the working of the plantations in Arkansas and Louisiana that the negroes will do better on wages as freed men than they have ever done as slaves, and there will be no need of the sword of Alexander.

From The Economist, 2 May.

#### DANGERS AND DIFFICULTIES IN THE FAR EAST.—JAPAN.

If the good sense and good feeling of the British people do not interfere in time, there is very great danger that we shall find ourselves involved ere long in a war with the distant empire of Japan—a war from which we can reap no possible glory, and obtain no adequate compensation either immediate or ulterior, — a war, too, in which we shall be certain to incur vast expense and to commit great wrong, and against which common prudence and common justice should combine to warn us. Surely we have had cautions enough in our relations with Eastern nations; and if any more were needed, the position into which we are fast drifting in reference to China, and the ultimate consequences of which it is more easy to foresee than to avert, should suffice. Let us lay briefly before our readers the actual state of affairs as they stand between this country and Japan, and ask for an impartial decision and for timely action.

The Japanese are not only a peculiar people, but a people whose peculiarities are the very opposite of ours. They are singularly clever, ingenious and persevering, courageous, fierce, and indifferent to life. Their system of government, moreover, is so singular and complicated that it is even now doubtful whether we truly understand its mechanism or its functions. One of the chief peculiarities of these people, and one of the most rooted

feelings and maxims of its rulers, is a dread and detestation of foreigners, a great dislike to their appearance on the islands, a disinclination to have any dealings with them, and a determination to get rid of them in any of the many modes familiar to Asiatics—by overreaching and intimidation if possible; and if not, by open and pertinacious violence. This being the case—and that this is the case was always understood, though not always so clearly proved and so strongly impressed upon us as it is now—it would have seemed the part of wisdom to have left the Japanese in their resolute isolation, and to have abstained from forcing our unwelcome presence upon them. Beyond curiosity there was no very strong motive for our intrusion; for Japan could supply us with no commodities which we could not procure from China in still greater abundance, and so exclusive, so ingenious, and so manufacturing a people were not likely to furnish a very brisk market for our productions.

Unhappily, however, the restlessness of British commerce and the jealousy and ambition of British diplomatists combined to oppose these prudential considerations; and Lord Elgin was instructed to take advantage of his mission to China to endeavor to open political and mercantile relations with Japan, and if possible to conclude a treaty with the Government which should include the authorized residence of a British Mission in the principal island, with (of course) the usual immunities and assurances of safety enjoyed by all embassies in all civilized countries. Unhappily, again, Lord Elgin succeeded in effecting the signature of such a treaty and the ratification of such engagements with the Japanese authorities, who, like all Asiatics, succumbed readily to pressure accompanied with an appearance or an impression of superior power, but were fully determined to evade the fulfilment of their unwelcome engagements as soon as the fear and the pressure were removed. The usual results followed. The rooted hostility of the Government, and we believe of the people too—certainly of the governing classes—soon showed itself. The mission was attacked by ferocious ruffians, either acting under superior command or stimulated by spontaneous fanaticism; some of its members were severely mutilated and narrowly escaped with life, and some of its servants were slain; similar outrages were from time to time repeated on the persons of British subjects and other Europeans, and there was, and continues to be, every indication of a fixed determination on the part of the natives and their rulers to render our position there not only insupportable, but untenable, by every means within the power of a fierce, unscrupulous,

and crafty race. Of course we demand redress, apology, and the punishment of the offenders. Of course the Japanese authorities shuffle, delay, offer excuses, intimate their powerlessness and their regret, and if hard pressed will, no doubt, put to death some of the real or fancied criminals, or other worthless lives that can easily be substituted for them. Of course, too, the outrages and the shuffling and the inefficacious protection and redress, continue as before. Earl Russell makes fresh demands and instructs the fleet to support these in case of need: desires Colonel Neale, our representative at Yeddo, to assure the Japanese Government that we are resolved to stand our ground: intimates that we are quite prepared to take the law into our own hands if needful; and says "that it would be better the Tycoon's palace should be destroyed than that *our rightful position by treaty* should be weakened or impaired."

Now there can be no doubt that in strict law, interpreted according to civilized European usage, we have a rightful position there by treaty; and it is certain that, being there peacefully and by consent, we cannot submit to ruffianly outrage, nor permit ourselves to be intimidated or driven away by violence whether authorized or spontaneous. But see where we have landed ourselves. It is pretty evident that we shall have to avenge our own wrongs, and to defend and secure our own position for ourselves and by our own strength. Now this means war; and war with a semi-civilized State like Japan, means forcible location there, the seizure of territory, perpetual hostilities, and ultimate subjugation or assumption of the Government. At least there is every probability—looking at facts, judging from analogies, and arguing from the past—that it will come to this. Now, have we any right to risk this? Is it worth while to risk this?

In the first place, it is by no means certain that the authorities with whom we made the treaty, in virtue of which we established ourselves in Japan, and which was the *fons et origo* of all the subsequent calamities and outrages, had any real right or power to make such a treaty, or were in fact the true and supreme Government of the land. It is certain that the ruler with whom Lord Elgin fancied he was treating, and by whom the Japanese negotiators were assumed to be delegated, had been dead some days before the treaty was concluded. It seems certain also that this dead Tycoon—even if he had been alive—would have had no authority to abrogate or violate any of the fundamental laws of the empire; and it is quite certain that the exclusion of foreigners from Japan (as well as the right and duty of every native to

slay and exterminate such foreigners) is a fundamental law of the empire, and one of its most sacred and positive laws. There seems little doubt, finally, that the Japanese polity is not only a monarchy and a double and a limited monarchy, but a feudal aristocracy; that the Damios, or great independent or semi-independent princes, have as much right and power to say what shall and what shall not be done as the Tycoon or the Mikado; and that these Damios are rootedly and incurably averse to foreign residence and foreign commerce. It appears very probable, therefore, if not absolutely certain, that this treaty which Lord Elgin concluded with a dead man—and in defence of which we appear to be on the point of going to war—has no more real or legal validity in Japan than would belong to a treaty negotiated in England between the late Lord Mayor of London or the present Archbishop of Canterbury.

It appears very doubtful, therefore,—almost more than doubtful—whether we have any title to be in Japan at all—whether our establishment there is not as great a violation of the laws of the land as it is of the prejudices of the nation—and in consequence whether we are either legally or morally entitled to exact vengeance for outrages which have originated in a mistake of Lord Elgin's and a cowardly deception or an unauthorized assumption of power on the part of the Japanese negotiators. It appears very doubtful, moreover, whether the Tycoon (to whom, as the nominal civil head of the Government, we must address our demands for atonement and protection) has any real power to reach the ruffians who have assailed and insulted us, or to punish the princes, nearly as high in station as himself, whose servants were probably the perpetrators, or to afford us, even if he so desired, any efficient security for the future. It is all but certain that he cannot. These things being so, what ought to be our course as just men—what our decision and our line of proceeding as wise men? Are we to go to war with a semi-barbarous and remote power in order to enforce a treaty of which the original validity is questionable in the extreme, and in order to maintain a position which is unprofitable and will probably turn out to be untenable? Is there any object—can there be any hope—of maintaining friendly relations, or commercial transactions, or diplomatic intercourse, with a people who hold it to be meritorious as well as lawful to slay all foreigners, whose first principle of political economy is to eschew all external trade, who hate us as Christians in addition, and whose Government is so complicated that we do not to this day know where or in whom the actual sovereignty resides? Is there any object in attempting this?

Is there any prospect of succeeding in it? Have we any moral right to persist in it? Ought not the British nation, at once and in time, to say to Lord Russell: "We will not drift or be dragged into so questionable, so costly, and so profitless a quarrel. Exact retribution, if you can discover the real criminals. Take due vengeance for lawless ruffianism, if you can take vengeance on the guilty. Leave your mark behind you, as you did in Cabul, if you think that English honor needs this, or will burn the brighter and look the purer for it. But do not let one false step entail a long series of false steps. Retreat while it is yet time from a position which you never ought to have occupied. And, above all, do not repeat our old blunder of allowing jealousy of future possible designs of Russia to drive us into transactions which are sure to involve us in incalculable cost, which is certain to be profitless, and in much wrong, which may ultimately lie heavy on the conscience of the nation."

From The Spectator, 23 May.

#### THE NEW COMPLICATIONS IN CHINA.

THE debate of the 15th May on our position in China is, perhaps, better worth studying than any which has occurred this year. Nobody, it is true, said anything which it is not more or less a waste of time to read. Mr. Liddell had got up his subject carefully enough, but he managed to make a topic which, beyond most political facts, appeals to the imagination, unendurably dry. Mr. Baillie defended the Taepings very much like a lawyer pleading for clients for whom witnesses to character were indispensable, and nobody else offered a single remark. The House was thin to dreariness, Lord Palmerston sat fast asleep, Mr. Layard had devised an adroit but somewhat audacious quibble to avoid explaining his views, and till the question had been put and discussion brought to an end no other member rose. Then, indeed, Mr. Cobden and Lord Naas jumped up to complain, with querulous powerlessness, of the slight passed upon the House, but their acrid remonstrance produced only a technical and erroneous explanation from Mr. Layard, and a debate which involved the fate of a third of the human family ended in a useless display of chagrin. The whole affair was an unexpected display of the parliamentary talent for silence, a novel capacity of which it has this year given over-abundant proofs. We wish we could believe it was also an unwelcome display, but there are no signs of any emotion so healthy.

Members and constituents are, we suspect, alike contented with the present state of af-

fairs. They are not prepared to advocate openly the conquest of China, or even a visible Protectorate, nor are they quite sure that they want so new and so vast a responsibility as the organization of a new government for three hundred millions of men. But if Providence and Lord Palmerston have the courage and will do the work for themselves, and lead England on to empire in China, without asking too many votes, why, then, they highly approve of that development of Britain's manifest destiny. Any result except defeat must, it is thought, be beneficial. If Captain Osborne becomes vizier under a Chinese sovereign, and Englishmen rule all China, as they once ruled India, through a mogul, there will be a boundless field for British daring and enterprise. If he only acquires the control of the Yang-tse-kiang, the trade of that glorious valley, second in wealth and population only to that of the Ganges, will supply the place of all we may lose in the terrible American struggle. As for the natives they *must* be benefited, for deep in the English heart lies the belief that his rule anywhere, in Sicily or Bengal, in New Zealand as in Shanghai, is a vivifying dominion, a sovereignty which develops instead of compressing, and which is no more to be compared with the sway of Austria over Venice, or Spain over her colonies, than despotism is to be compared with constitutional life. In Asia especially conquest rather soothes than annoys the national conscience, and if Lord Palmerston can conquer and conquer without British taxes, the nation feels with delighted piety that the designs of Providence have found a fitting exponent. So deeply are these ideas engrained in the minds of the middle-class, so strongly do they appeal to the imagination of politicians, the interests of commerce, and the zeal of the missionary bodies, that were the subject referred to the hustings we should despair of moderation. Fortunately the matter has not yet passed out of the hands of members, and the educated class among whom they live, and as Lord Naas has promised to re-open the ground after Whitsuntide, we will endeavor once more to show cause for protesting against this policy of stumbling blindfold into a throne.

Are we prepared to rule China? for that is the question which Parliament has to decide. Every successive mail explains more clearly the magnitude of the enterprise which Mr. Layard tries so sedulously to show through a diminishing glass. The weak court of Peking, with its *prestige* shattered by recent invasion, its reserve strength crippled by the gradual transfer of its influence over the Steppes to St. Petersburg, its coast harassed by pirates, and its central provinces desolated by an intestine war, is slipping into the po-

sition of the court of Constantinople. Russia, which has already taken two great provinces—Manchouria and Saghalien—is now striving to secure a third the great Island of Chusan, the finest base for dominion in China existing on her coast. She plays her game with the tremendous advantage of being the only power whose frontiers march with those of China, and who can employ on an emergency the dreaded troops of the Desert. There is nothing to stop her, if so inclined, from flooding the northern provinces with irregular cavalry, with whom Prince Kung has no troops to contend. France, with a splendid fleet, a strong body of marines, aid obtainable from the Philippines, and Saigon for a secure dépôt, has already organized five regiments of Franco-Chinese, whom the mandarins apparently distrust with the extreme jealousy, and is believed in Hong Kong to glance wistfully at the rich province of Cheh-kiang. England, recognized for half a century by Peking as its most dangerous foe, with a still stronger fleet, an army Chinese are accustomed to fear, two bases in China itself, and a boundless reservoir of resources in India—Sikhs, especially, being plentiful as snails—has possessed herself of the control of the customs' revenue, has received permission to organize an Anglo-Chinese marine and acted on it, and has gained an influence in the court with which only Russia contends with success. The old story of Constantinople is repeated under the old conditions. Each embassy intrigues for itself, and every new concession to one is a sufficient reason for new demands from the other. Every squabble and alliance and intrigue in Europe, is reflected instantly in the far East, and a note in the *Moniteur* on Poland, affects the success with which Russia resists Great Britain at Peking. To the natural and inevitable dangers of the situation, the certainty of sway to be acquired by Captain Osborne, the risk of new wars with China, provoked by the excited jealousy of the mandarins, is now added to the constant risk of collisions among the foreigners, a risk which increases daily as the moderating native power declines. It is the contest of Bussy and Clive repeated on a larger scale, with more extended means, by agents who are conscious, as neither Clive nor Bussy were, of the great issue involved. It is a second "Eastern Question," deliberately superadded to the difficulties of the old one—one which, as politicians painfully know, may always at any moment plunge the world into war.

As yet England, despite the Russian annexations, has apparently won the game. The control of the customs' revenue and the command of the internal fleet will give her an ascendancy, which will excite to the utmost the jealousy and the exertions of her most



powerful rivals. That ascendancy in itself is certain to produce war, for the Chinese are sure, sooner or later, to resent it, and shield their own weakness, as did the princes of Madras, by setting the rival intruders by the ears. Intrigue will be followed by punishment, and punishment in the East can be inflicted only by despotism. Whether England seats herself at Peking, or only requires the emperor, as the price of protection, to "accept the advice" of her envoy—which is all the nizam is obliged to do—does not matter a straw. In either case this country is responsible to God for the well-being of the vast population whose rulers and organization she has superseded. Is that what the people want? Are we, with India still to govern, with whole provinces there left without administration other than that of a single overworked English lad, with a limitless territory to develop, and direct difficulties to surmount, in the presence of which questions about Schleswig Holstein and such like are parish squabbles, to burden ourselves with an even vaster task? Is there no exhaustion possible to an energy already strained to its uttermost in every region of the globe? The ten-pounders believe there is not, and we know of no power to override their decision; but, at least, let them be fully informed. To embark in such an enterprise without one honest debate, one clear declaration of policy, one attempt to prove that a minister comprehends the vastness of the issue at stake, is more than a cabinet error. It is an impudent affront to the people who, defeated, will have to pay the bill, or, successful, accept the responsibility.

But, says the *Times*, we cannot help ourselves, we cannot recede, we cannot destroy our revenue, or abandon our trade, and both are lost unless we protect them by force. We do not dispute the proposition, for we may be now reaping the fruit of our own acts, which first shattered the Chinese system, and then introduced powers other than our own to trample among the *débris* with a view to restoring order. But the necessity for any policy is only another reason for describing it. If we really are, as the *Times* affirms, in the grasp of a remorseless fate, which is dragging us against our will to the sovereignty of a continent, then, indeed, is it time to consider the mode in which we may perform our "obvious duties"—the American calls them manifest destinies—with the least suffering to the worms over whom the plow has to pass. A talent for silence is a great power only when the course to be defended is indefensible.

From The Examiner, 9 May.

## THE RUSSIAN REPLIES.

RUSSIA has long been vain of her skill in diplomacy: and there has seldom been a time in which she had more need of sagacity and temper in the practice of that art than now. All the Governments of Europe (with the shabby exception of Prussia) have recently addressed to her remonstrances; some traced indeed in the palest ink of deprecation, but others in a bold hand, indicative of urgency and determination, to exact an answer, and all, it must be owned, exceedingly provoking to a haughty court and cabinet. We have not yet seen *in extenso* the replies sent to Stockholm, Turin, or Madrid; but the text of that forwarded to Vienna is sufficiently brief and contemptuous. With an ineffable tone of insolent politeness, it abstains from recrimination, omits all vulgar reproach, and forbears to name Hungary or Cracow. But with the privileged familiarity of brotherhood in oppression it says—we quite understand the fright you are in and the cause of it; you know that our vested interests in spirit are the same, and we think you had better get to work your own fire-engines against "cosmopolitan revolution," and leave us to work ours in our own way without pretending to teach or preach, which, under all the circumstances, we must submit would be rather ridiculous. Rather ridiculous, indeed, if Austria expects to keep Galicia and not to restore Cracow. France has a case for expostulation, that of the indefeasible right of humanity and of nationhood; England has a case for remonstrances, that of violated treaties; but Austria, speaking as she does by the mouth of Count Rechberg, has no case either on the footing of national right or of international, for she has violated both in the case of Poland signally and shamelessly, and she has neither the conscience to make reparation or pretend to do so. Her lecturing the czar on the misrule of his Polish provinces, because it may endanger the retention of hers is the impertinence of imbecility, which it is not surprising that the Cabinet of St. Petersburg should not take the trouble to discuss at any length. Copies of the polite or elaborate answers addressed to London and Paris are sent to Count Balabine, for the information of the court of Vienna; and out of these it is welcome to spell if it can the intentions of Alexander II.

The replies of the Russian Government to the Western Powers are not wanting, however, in length or ingenuity. With as little in common as the expostulations that have drawn them forth, they are obviously inspired by one aim and purpose, namely, that of distinguishing between the suggestions of France

and those of England, and endeavoring to divide their counsels. Will this astute design succeed? To judge aright on this point we must weigh well the difference between the policy of the two Governments, which Russia either sees, or effects to see, revealed in the despatches of Lord Russell and M. Drouyn de Lhuys.

It is indeed quite true, as we pointed out last week, that while, faithful to our traditions, we take our stand upon the principle of legality, and invoke in defence of down-trodden Poland the protective spirit which, as regards that country, breathes in the Treaty of Vienna, the French Government, equally true to imperial memories and instincts, could not be expected to take similar ground, but with great reason and justice preferred to found its appeal for lenity and liberty on the broader and certainly not less firm basis of indefeasible right and the inextinguishable claim of nationality. With our ideas and maxims of non-intervention in the domestic concerns of neighboring States, it would have been impossible to make any serious or effective remonstrance on behalf of Poland, had we not been entitled to treat the case as essentially an exceptional one, and to urge the infraction of treaty obligations made with us by Russia.

On the other hand remembering that by the very document we invoke the house of Bonaparte is dynastically outlawed, and territorial limits are assigned to France, Italy and Austria which the two former regard it as their highest praise and pride to have obliterated by the sword, it was impossible that Napoleon III. should have based his claim to interposition on behalf of the Poles on any other grounds than those which he assumed when going forth to liberate Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic.

Prince Gortschakoff, with the approved cunning of a trained diplomatist, seizes on the distinction between the terms of the two despatches, and deals with them accordingly. He pretends to be charmed with the frankness and freedom of Imperial France; he agrees *ad litteram* with the assertion of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, that the qualified independence and freedom formerly conceded by Russia proved unstable and abortive; and therefore he effects to take for granted that France will concur in the futility of making any further attempts in the like direction. But Napoleon III. well knows how busily the democratic spirit is at work throughout Europe, and as its most signal conquerer in his own dominions, his aid is prayed by the czar in resisting it in his. Will not the hero of the *coup d'état* help Russia to restore order in Warsaw? There is no lack of embracing in the rest of the despatch. The bitterness of

the implied sarcasm above noted is wrapped up in the most luscious of diplomatic confections, and there never was such a dose of reproachful poison accompanied by so many soft nothings. Let France only name her terms, and she may have them: anything, to crush revolution at home, and break the alliance of the Western Powers. But what, after all, is the worth of such wit? Can the court of Russia be so ill-informed as not to know that the Polish question is the one of all others upon which the versatile Emperor of the French cannot, if he would, turn round? All France is for the Poles; and an armed intervention for their rescue would be the most popular enterprise in which the imperial Government could engage. Martial sympathy, religious feeling, popular good will, national tradition, point this once in the one way. It will be a marvel should considerations of mere prudence lead to a resistance of the strong temptation. It is a great mistake to suppose that to help Poland effectively, a vast army must traverse the whole breadth of Germany, and wage a campaign on the Vistula or the Bug. To create an effective diversion in favor of the insurgents, it would not be necessary to provoke into taking the wrong side all the prejudices and passions and petty interests of Fatherland. Sweden pants as a hound in the leash; and the interests of Western Europe are more deeply concerned in restoring the freedom of the Baltic than in the re-establishment of Polish independence. Then there is Posen, with its wealth, intelligence, and youth trained to arms, ready to join the insurrection at the first whisper of a French army bivouacked on even the left bank of the Rhine. It may be very clever in Prince Gortschakoff thus ironically to accept the French remonstrance, and to remind the French Government of its own difficulties and dangers; but looking at the gravity of the situation, the policy of such esoteric pleasantry may be more than doubted.

Before handing to Lord Russell Prince Gortschakoff's reply, Baron Brunnov addressed to him an interrogatory whose significance cannot be mistaken. Referring to a former conversation, the Russian ambassador asked whether he was still to understand that in remonstrating with his Government about Poland, the intentions of England were pacific? Here, again we are inclined to say—too clever by half. The anxiety to bind our Government beforehand not to be angry, no matter what the answer to its friendly expostulations might be, was a transparent and therefore an unwise manoeuvre, and one which betrayed considerable misgivings as to the ultimate issue. There certainly never was penned a more elaborate slight to the reclama-

tions of a friendly power than that to which we allude. While admitting that under the Treaty of 1815 Europe agreed to the territorial retention of partitioned Poland by the Three Powers, upon the express stipulation that the Poles should obtain the rights of "representation and national institutions, to be determined in conformity with the political existence which each of the Governments to which they belonged should consider it useful and expedient to grant to them,"—and while admitting that in compliance with this substantially plain though verbally vague condition, Alexander I. gave the newly-erected kingdom an elective constitution and a national army,—Prince Gortschakoff has the temerity to argue that by the granting of such institutions the promise of the czar was redeemed, and that by their alleged failure to satisfy the people, they and all other similar institutions were forever forfeited. What are the facts? Whatever the sufficiency or insufficiency of the so-called Constitution of the 24th December 1815 may have been, it was never put to the proof; for within a few months of its pompous promulgation, cabals were raised against it by the Russian aristocracy, because a dependent realm had thus been given a degree of liberty which they feared might be extended to the other dominions of the czar; and regardless of every principle of honor, of the treaty pledged to Europe, and his royal promise to the Poles, Alexander I. octroyed his boasted constitution, and during the residue of his reign never again attempted to redeem his word. And this perfidy it is that Prince Gortschakoff now pleads in justification of the insolent and barbarous decree of eternal forfeiture which Nicholas in his fury pronounced when the defrauded and enraged Poles took arms to assert their rights in 1831. Lord Russell is no novice in political controversy, but even if he were, he could have little difficulty in dealing with this arrogant folly as it deserves. We have no doubt that he was perfectly sincere when he told Baron Brunnow that his remonstrance had been made with no other than pacific motives and intentions; but the best wishes and the most friendly intentions cease to be worth anything when they are only to justify iniquity and fraud. In the main our purpose and that of France is the same in this matter; and by artifices like these the astute diplomacy of St. Petersburg is but more closely twisting the cord round its own neck.

From The Examiner, 16 May.

PRUSSIA AND SWEDEN.

It is impossible not to be struck with the curious contrast presented by the two States which on either side of the Baltic bound the Russian Empire. Both of them proud of past military achievements, and both possessing the forms and privileges of Constitutional Government, they naturally claim our sympathy, and may, if they will, have our confidence. In the prosperity, freedom, and independence of Sweden and of Prussia we have the deepest interest. No serious evil can befall either of them to which we can be indifferent; no important error can be committed by the Government of either which we can observe without regret. In alliance with each other and with us, their security against their overbearing and encroaching Muscovite neighbor would practically be complete; disunited, and bent on pursuing opposite lines of national policy, one or other, if not both, must always be exposed to humiliation in time of peace and aggression in time of war. The instinct of Russia's ambition bids her seek the open sea. So long as her marine is liable to be shut up within the gates of the Euxine and the Baltic, she cannot deceive herself as to the fact that she is not a naval power; and she cannot therefore contend on equal terms with the great Oceanic States, Great Britain, America, and France. No disclaimer, however plausible or solemn, can therefore shake our belief that she cherishes the hope, and entertains the purpose, of one day possessing an outlet for her commerce and her arms on the coast of the Mediterranean or the Atlantic. The duty of Western Christendom is to keep the danger of such an acquisition ever in view, in order to prevent it. For Russia can never lawfully or legitimately obtain a port or arsenal outside the narrow seas; she can never obtain it but by spoliation and conquest, by the same means as she obtained Finland and Bessarabia, and would, if she had been permitted, have appropriated the remaining provinces of Turkey in Europe.

In an evil hour we were led by an all-engrossing fear of French ambition to acquiesce in the partition of Sweden, which was in every respect as sinister and shameless an act of rapine as the partition of Poland. Finland was as much a part of the great maritime kingdom of the north as Ireland is of this united realm; and its alienation and occupation by the hostile and arbitrary power is a standing menace and injury to Sweden, which nothing can so perfectly illustrate as the hypothesis we have named. Europe felt this so strongly, that in 1814 Norway was unrighteously driven from Denmark

and joined to Sweden by way of compensation for what she had lost. In area and population the stolen goods thus given were equivalent to what had been taken away. But politically they did not and could not redress the wrong. Russia, in fortified possession of Finland, is half-way towards the great object of her ambition; for her power thence to harass and invade her Scandinavian neighbor is increased by at least fifty per cent. With her usual cunning, she has not for some time made any overt attempt at a further absorption of territory; but the overshadowings of her power during the reign of Nicholas were deemed by many to have struck a fatal chill into the head if not the heart of her intended victim. Her secret diplomacy it was said had coiled itself around the Swedish Government; and though the memories and the hopes, the pride and the pluck of the people were untainted and untouched, suspicions were entertained, and not without reason, that many nobles and officials had been corruptly won over by the arts which it was known had been widely employed in Germany and elsewhere. The attitude of the Court of Stockholm during the Russian war of 1854-55 tended rather to confirm than to dissipate these impressions; unjustly so, as we conceive, because, unless the Western Powers had been prepared, as they confessedly were not, to pledge themselves never to make peace until Finland was restored, it would have been an act of extreme rashness on the part of Sweden to have attempted its recovery by force of arms. But the truth is, the Governments of England and France had blindly bound themselves not to abet any attempt to reduce Russia to her ancient limits. Circassia, Poland, and Finland lifted up their imploring hands in vain. The golden opportunity was missed, and we now see the consequences of that lamentable mistake. Meanwhile, Sweden seems to have become conscious of her humiliating and perilous position; and though still unable to break out of the go-cart of diplomacy, her king and people have given unmistakable signs of their earnest sympathy with the Poles, and of the profound conviction that in the fate of the heroic struggle they are waging, their own future is morally bound up. The remonstrance of Count Manderstroem on behalf of the gallant insurgents is a poor and pitiful affair as far as mere words go, yet, taking all the circumstances into consideration, its spirit is far manlier and its meaning more significant than the shabby despatch sent from Turin, or the dastardly production forwarded from Madrid. The position of Sweden is, indeed, so critical, and her present safety and future success is an object of so much moment to Western Europe, that she ought not to be urged to move faster or

further than she feels within herself strength to sustain her. It is enough for us that the re-awakened spirit of the nation seeks and finds, in her free Parliament and press, the means of declaring to the world how anxiously it watches the great struggle of Poland for national emancipation, and how undyingly it resents the fraud and force by which countries not Russian have been made servant and subject to the czar. France and England can be at no loss where to find an intelligent, willing, and courageous ally whenever they want one; and there can be no question that were both or either prepared to form such an alliance, upon the condition of restoring Sweden to its entirety, the cause of Poland would be wellnigh won.

Painfully different is the national attitude of Prussia, with its imbecile monarch, its retrograde court, and its mock-Muscovite Cabinet. A more pitiable spectacle modern Europe has never beheld. With the leadership of liberal Germany within his grasp, the present occupant of the Prussian throne has within two years rendered himself alternately the laughing-stock and the object of pity to all among his subjects or his neighbors who are above the condition of believers in the royal right divine. The incoherent dreams and lunatic pranks of his predecessor were attributed generally to mere disease. It was a bore to have a crazy king at Berlin, but people consoled themselves with the reflection that he could not live forever; and they were not bound to suppose the dynasty demented. When he was gone, a rational man, it must be presumed, would succeed him; and with free institutions and an educated middle class it seemed incredible that Constitutional Government should not gradually be firmly established, and that a liberal and enlightened policy should not be pursued towards foreign nations. Who could have imagined that political madness had become hereditary in the house of Brandenburg? Far from reproaching our Prussian friends for not speedily coming to the conviction, we are rather disposed to give them credit for generosity and good sense in being so long incredulous on the subject. Neither are we prepared to join in the abuse heaped on them and their representatives for the forbearance and temper they have displayed, under great provocation from the mean and bullying, ignorant and ill-mannered ministers of the witless King William. The Chamber of Representatives have taken their stand upon the firm ground of legality; and so kept the great bulk of the community with them. They are doing in their own quiet way very much what the dogged opponents of the tyranny of Charles I. did in the earlier years of the Long Parliament. By sober remonstrance against



From The Press.

## THE SULTAN IN EGYPT.

each new act of royal folly and courtly insolence, and by inflexible adherence to their resolution to vote no more money or men for military purposes than they deem necessary, they are accustoming the nation to appreciate the difference between the dignity, consistency, and economy of responsible rule, and the incoherence, unthrift, and subserviency to foreign absolutism of government by divine right. They are giving the country time to grow practically familiar with the assertion of its duties. They are letting both wheat and tares grow together until the harvest. They know that the day of reckoning will surely come, and they judge wisely that it is not their business to precipitate it. For this the liberal representatives of Prussia are thoughtlessly denounced by some among us. But what better could they do than they have done? The conduct of the Executive towards the Poles has been at once cruel and contemptible. Count Bismark and his accomplices have covered themselves and their miserable master with all the infamy of acting the part of political minions to a ruthless neighboring tyrant; and yet they have been compelled by the long-suffering Chamber to back out of their guilty engagements with the czar, and to shuffle and equivocate over every line and letter of their detestable compact with him. But what would have happened had impatience or indignation led them to take the reins prematurely out of the hands of the Executive and initiate a counter policy with respect to Poland? They could not have stirred an inch beyond their declaration of absolute neutrality, without risking an open and ruinous breach in the popular party. Many Liberals in Prussia and throughout Germany are fast friends of Poland, and conscientiously entertain the opinion that Germany will never be what she ought to be until every vestige of spoil shall have been restored. But then they reasonably argue that, as it is "safer to change many things than one," the restitution of Posen ought to be accompanied by other measures tending to the consolidation of a purely homogeneous power in northern and central Germany. This plainly must be the work of an administration representing the intelligence and possessing the confidence of the people. It is a work wholly beyond the sphere of a legislative assembly, and they are quite right not to undertake it. On the other hand, it is not to be denied that there are many good men in Germany who do not see their way to the re-constitution of Poland, and who would honestly regard any encouragement given to secession on the part of Posen as the first step towards anarchy and the dislocation of Prussia as a first-class power. What would be gained by throwing these men into the arms of the czar? and what would be lost?

AFTER the many prognostications of evil which, we were told, would assuredly result from the visit of the sultan to Egypt it must have disagreeably disappointed the prophets of ill-omen that not one of their predictions has been verified. For the first time during a period of more than three centuries a ruler of Turkey has set his foot upon one of the most ancient and wealthy of the provinces of his empire; and though his visit was attended by circumstances of more than imperial splendor and magnificence, the sultan during his ten days' stay studiously endeavored to prove that his object in becoming the guest of Fuad Pasha was "simply to give him a fresh proof of his good-will and especial affection," and in no way to diminish or derogate from the authority of the viceroy. The object of the sultan is evidently to behold in person the condition of the empire over which he rules; and if it be his ambition to revive its ancient power and splendor, he could not better inaugurate a period of reform. It is too much the fault of rulers—and of Oriental ones in particular—to see everything through other people's eyes, and the wonted sloth and lethargy of the sultans, who for so many generations have been contented with the enervating pleasures of their capital, will be well exchanged for the inquiring spirit and physical energy displayed by Abdul Aziz. It seems that he was much struck with the broad streets and palatial residences of the old capital of the Ptolemies, which Amrou, when he captured it, tersely but glowingly described as "the great City of the West." But though there are greater cities further westwards now than Alexandria, there was much to be seen in it, and in Egypt generally, which will probably leave a beneficial impression upon the mind of the sultan. For the first time in his life he saw a railway, and beheld the large traffic which it produces. In no other part of the Turkish empire have greater efforts been made to improve internal communications, so necessary for the promotion of commerce, to develop the wonderful fertility of the soil by improved processes of agriculture, and to establish manufactories in which machinery, the product of Western civilization, has been generally employed. If the sultan carries away with him from the land of the Pharaohs a determination to follow the good example of his viceroys in these important particulars, his visit to Egypt cannot but be of the greatest advantage to the whole Turkish empire.

From The Spectator, 23 May.

### THE POSITION OF GENERAL HOOKER.

EVEN in these days of telegraphs great events are seldom dramatic in their continuity or their speed. London has for a week been filled with rumors of the destruction of General Hooker, and the delay of the steamers caused by the prevalence of east winds created a feeling of almost feverish excitement. The extra mail, however, which arrived on Thursday night, brought no decisive news. General Hooker, after four days of battle, was still on the 5th of May face to face with the Confederates, unable to renew the attack on account of the rain, and not liable to attack for the same reason. His general plan, in spite of telegraphic blunders and ill-informed newspaper correspondents, is at last becoming clear; it was well conceived, and, up to a certain point, vigorously executed. During the first five days of the week, ending May 2, he marched in succession the larger part of his army over the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, and on the 1st he had concentrated his corps near Chancellorsville, in rear of Lee's position at Fredericksburg. The lesser portion of his army was one division in Fredericksburg, and one corps, under General Sedgwick, over the river, ready to attack the famous heights. General Lee, as soon as he saw the intention of his foe, left a small force before Fredericksburg, and marched his army towards Chancellorsville. He found Hooker established with his centre at this country house, his right towards the Rapidan, and his left on the Rappahannock. Amusing Hooker with skirmishes on the afternoon of the 1st, he sent Jackson with forty thousand men to turn the Federal right, and thus cut Hooker off from the fords. The Federal general thus lost the initiative. While his centre was deeply engaged in an offensive movement, Jackson drove in upon the right, and the German corps fled, from cowardice the Americans say, but more probably because it was attacked in flank in some formation which prevented the men from fighting. Hooker was, however, equal to the occasion. He sent his own old division to meet Jackson's headlong onslaught with the bayonet, and the well-formed line issuing from the cloud of dust and smoke speedily wrested from the too eager pursuers of the Germans the advantage they had acquired. Hooker restored his line of battle, preserved his communications with all the fords, and kept Lee off the Gordonsville road. But on the 3d Lee renewed the attack, and after a six hours' conflict forced Hooker backwards into an angle formed by the Rapidan and

Rappahannock, deprived him of all the fords save one, and compelled him to entrench for safety. In the mean time General Sedgwick stormed the heights of Fredericksburg, the scene of Burnside's winter defeat, and showed columns in rear of Lee. But no good resulted from the stroke. For Longstreet, coming up from Richmond, and attacking from the eastward, and Lee turning upon Sedgwick's front, that officer, between the two forces, was driven back upon the river above Falmouth, and forced to cross it before daylight on the 5th, under a destructive fire and incessant attacks. Thus the result of four days' fighting was this: Lee recovered the advantage won by Hooker up to the 1st of May, recovered the Gordonsville road, and firmly re-established his communications, and, moreover, held in his hands the points of passage over the rivers leading to Hooker's communications. The Federal general had done well, but not well enough, and his own strategy was on the point of being turned against him. The enemy menaced *his* lines of retreat. This position continued unbroken up to the night of the 6th, save that Sedgwick rejoined his chief with his shattered corps, and General Heintzelman was marching from Washington with thirty thousand men. The fate of the series of engagements was still undecided: but though General Hooker was in considerable danger, the possibilities of escape, and even victory for the Federals, were still unexhausted.

It is vain to speculate when a few hours will set speculation at rest; but we would warn the friends of the South that in considering even the destruction of Hooker equivalent to final success they are premature. The North *may* yield to despair, and consider that enough has been done even to secure national existence, may surrender the South from Charleston to the Pacific, may accept the division of their great continent into small, ill-defined, and hostile States; but they, like their rivals, have English blood in their veins. Blows only make iron harder, and they may see in so great a stroke a justification for the conscription which they are now inclined to resist. If they do order a *levee en masse*, call General Fremont to the command, and Wendell Phillips to the Cabinet, cast the idea of compromise to the winds, and recognize for the first time the necessity of Revolutionary action, the South will have a harder battle to fight than any she has yet won. The North, when all is said, is far less near ruin than France when Dumouriez stood with the last army of raw Parisians in the passes of the Argonne.

From The Spectator.

MR. KINGSLEY'S WATER-BABIES.\*

MR. KINGSLEY'S genius is so remarkable for its sympathy with the irrational forms of animal life, and the rational element in it is so often merged in a sort of noble but furious bark at what he dislikes, that we seldom read his tales without a feeling that the ideas with which he begins, often subtle and fine enough, are sure to tail off into something half animal before the conclusion. In this fairy story, begun with a clear purpose enough, the water-dog in Mr. Kingsley has prevailed more than usually early in the book, and before the end of it we have almost literally nothing left but the swishing of his wet tail, his floundering in the water, and the deep bay of his liberal conservatism. He has prefixed a kind of warning to the critics which would appear to deprecate any remarks we may have to offer on this eccentric gambol of his genius:—

"Hence, unbelieving Sadducees,  
And less believing Pharisees,  
With dull conventionalities;  
And leave a country Muse at ease  
To play at leap-frog, if she please,  
With children and realities."

Well, we have no objection to Mr. Kingsley's freaks either with children or realities; but we rather wish that when he is playing at leap-frog with children he would suit the dimensions of his realities to his small play-fellows, and not insist on their taking such tremendously high metaphysical backs, at times, which are certainly quite beyond the little arms of his infantine friends. He dedicates the book to his youngest son, Grenville Arthur, with the motto—

"Come, read me my riddle, my good little man;  
If you cannot read it, no grown-up folk can,"

and we are quite content to abide by Grenville Arthur's judgment. If he understands the joke about the Gairfowl's objecting to marry his deceased wife's sister, about the whales "butting at each other with their ugly noses day and night from year's end to year's end," like "our American cousins,"—about the "abolition of the Have-his-carcase Act," and the "Indignation Meetings,"—or the Back-stairs way out of Hell, or the Hippopotamus major in the brain,—or a hundred others, we will pronounce Mr. Kingsley's

\* *The Water-Babies. A Fairy Tale for a Land Baby.* By the Rev. Charles Kingsley. With two illustrations by J. Noel Paton, R.S.A. Macmillan.

tale a good fairy tale for children,—for we do not deny that it had an idea; but if not, as we feel tolerably confident, why, then we arraign Mr. Kingsley of that half-animal impatience which cannot be satisfied with working out patiently a single distinct idea,—but must interpolate arrogant inarticulate barks at a hundred things which have no business at all in his tale, and tumble head over heels in scores of unfit places just because there and then his intellect feels inclined for a somerset of which neither men nor children will appreciate the fun.

The purpose of the tale,—and it was a fine one,—seems to have been to adapt Mr. Darwin's theory of the natural selection of species to the understanding of children, by giving it an individual, moral, and religious, as well as a mere specific and scientific application. He took the watery world, principally because he knows it so well, and because the number of transformations which go on in it are so large, and so easily capable of a semi-moral significance, that it served best to illustrate his purpose. For example, the specific difference between salmon and trout, Mr. Kingsley interprets as a difference between enterprise and industry on the one hand, and stupid greediness on the other,—as shown in this conversation between his water-baby and the salmon:—

"Why do you dislike the trout so?" asked Tom. "My dear, we do not even mention them, if we can help it; for I am sorry to say they are relations of ours who do us no credit. A great many years ago they were just like us: but they were so lazy, and cowardly, and greedy, that instead of going down to the sea every year to see the world and grow strong and fat, they chose to stay and poke about in the little streams and eat worms and grubs; and they are very properly punished for it; for they have grown ugly and brown and spotted and small; and are actually so degraded in their tastes, that they will eat our children."

The same general drift is intended to pervade the book, which contains numberless hints that wherever moral qualities, or the germs of moral qualities, begin, there, at least, is a turning point of natural development or degradation in the individual, and thence also in the species. Thus Mr. Kingsley hints that the specific difference between the Irish and Saxons may be originally rooted in moral, more than in physical distinctions,

and might be ultimately traced to the love of giving "a pleasant answer," if we take into account the long accumulations of generations of dispositions of the same sort. Again the Gairfowls are meant to be the types of races who die out through mere traditional pride, from refusing to avail themselves of the alliance of fresh blood, and determining to stand all alone on the precedents and etiquettes of ancestral usage. The same moral Darwinianism is the idea of the story of the idle Doasyoulikes, and also, of course, of the water-baby's own history. Indeed, all the various physiological transformations in the story are intended to illustrate some such notion as this. And the fairy whose watch-work-nature obliges her to punish everybody's mistakes by treating them exactly as they have treated others, "Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid," is meant, we suppose, to represent the invariable and unalterable principle of God's universal providence. She is, as we are taught at the close, after all but another form of divine love, which is the motive, if not the principal agency in effecting these transformations. Yet surely it is not quite true to represent men's actions as generally returned upon them in kind,—the bleeding doctors and over-cramming schoolmasters being by no means uniformly bled and over-crammed in their turn. However, the fairy is commissioned, we suppose, to show generally that individuals, and therefore races, suffer degradation in consequence of the accumulations of their errors and sins;—in consequence of not keeping their eyes open to God's laws, and still more of not obeying them when they do know them.

Well, this conviction of Mr. Kingsley's, and its many lively (if often fanciful) illustrations, was worth a fairy story, and none could be more spirited or vigorous than this up to the point when he gets his transformed chimney-sweep (who, coarse and ignorant, but wishing to be clean, was by the law of fairy consequences transformed into a water-baby) to the mouth of the salmon river. Even this portion has been improved considerably since its first publication, and made a more coherent fairy story by the earlier introduction of the fairy. The description of the storm, which fills the stream and enables all the living things in it if desiring to reach the sea, to sweep down upon its swollen waters, is one of Mr. Kingsley's finest de-

scriptive efforts. We have room but for a short passage:—

"But out of the water he dared not put his head; for the rain came down by bucketsful, and the hail hammered like shot on the stream, and churned it into foam; and soon the stream rose, and rushed down, higher and higher, and fouler and fouler, full of beetles, and sticks and straws, and worms, and addle-eggs and wood-lice, and leeches, and odds and ends, and omnium-gatherums, and this, that, and the other, enough to fill nine museums. Tom could hardly stand against the stream, and hid behind a rock. But the trout did not; for out they rushed from among the stones, and began gobbling the beetles and leeches in the most greedy and quarrelsome way, and swimming about with great worms hanging out of their mouths, tugging and kicking to get them away from each other. And now, by the flashes of the lightning, Tom saw a new sight—all the bottom of the stream alive with great eels, turning and twisting along, all down stream and away. They had been hiding for weeks past in the cracks of the rocks, and in burrows in the mud; and Tom had hardly ever seen them, except now and then at night; but now they were all out, and went hurrying past him so fiercely and wildly that he was quite frightened. And as they hurried past he could hear them say to each other, 'We must run, we must run. What a jolly thunderstorm! Down to the sea, down to the sea!' And then the otter came by with all her brood, twining and sweeping along as fast as the eels themselves; and she spied Tom as she came by, and said:—'Now is your time, eft, if you want to see the world. Come along, children, never mind those nasty eels; we shall breakfast on salmon to-morrow. Down to the sea, down to the sea!'"

But no sooner does Mr. Kingsley get out of the salmon stream, than his pen begins to flag, his power to spend itself in the most eccentric capers, and his proper theme to fade away at intervals from his imagination. He begins chaffing the scientific men,—and his chaff is neither subtle to men nor intelligible to children. He barks right and left at everything he does not like, whether it has anything to do with his leading idea or not. Professor Owen is chaffed for insisting on the hippocampus minor as the specific distinction of man; the cram-systems of education and examination are chaffed; the nescience of medical men is chaffed; universal progress and Mr. Lincoln are chaffed; the orthodox fanatics who believe in hearsay, and don't



want to be set right, are chaffed; the positive philosophy, collecting multifold experiences, but refusing to learn their meaning, is chaffed, and all in a way very few men will be able to laugh at, and no children at all (unless it be Grenville Arthur) to understand. What is the use of *four whole* pages of this sort of thing?

"Now the doctors had it all their own way; and to work they went in earnest, and they gave the poor professor divers and sundry medicines, as prescribed by the ancients and moderns, from Hippocrates to Feuchtersleben, as below, viz.: Hellebore, to wit—hellebore of *Æta*; hellebore of Galata; hellebore of Sicily; and all other hellebores, after the method of the helleborizing helleborists of the helleboric era. But that would not do. Bumperhausen's blue follicles would not stir an inch out of his encephalo-digital region."  
 . . . "And if he had but been a convict lunatic, and had shot at the queen, killed all his creditors to avoid paying them, or indulged in any other little amiable eccentricity of that kind, they would have given him in addition—the healthiest situation in England, on Easthamstead Plain, free run of Windsor Forest, the *Times* every morning, a double-barrelled gun and pointers, and leave to shoot three Wellington College boys a week (not more) in case black game were scarce."

We may smile a grim smile at first, but it is impossible to smile when that sort of nonsense is prolonged beyond a certain point. And this kind of thing strays at large through the book, and is seldom very amusing. We may smile when we are first told that Professor Ptthmlnsprts, Professor of Necrobi-oncepalacohydrochthonanthropopithekology would have called a water-baby by two long names, "of which the first would have said a little about Tom, and the second all about himself, for, of course, he would have called him Hydrotecenon Ptthmlnsprtsianum," but when the same species of fun goes on for a great many pages together, we feel as if we were hearing one of those insane extravaganzas at the minor theatres, which are meant apparently to cast a gloom over the very name of fun, and induce early idiocy in the actors. And this fault is repeated so systematically during the latter part of the tale, that it quite sickens the reader, even though he may have what Miss Muloch painfully denominates "the child-heart." Indeed the worst of it is, that when the child might possibly enjoy the caricature, the idea caricatured is quite beyond his grasp,—as, for example, in

that ecstatic apostrophe to the Back-stairs,—and when the man might, perhaps, enjoy the idea the caricature is far too broad and its tone too screaming for his taste. For example, the following is said by the fairy to a water-baby to explain why she cannot let him know the back way out of the place of punishment, *i.e.*, the way which saves you from the effect of evil without saving you from the cause. People would importune him as follows, she says, to divulge the secret:—

"For thousands of years we have been paying, and petting, and obeying, and worshipping quacks who told us they had the key of the back-stairs, and could smuggle us up them; and in spite of all our disappointments, we will honor, and glorify, and adore, and beatify, and translate, and apotheotize you likewise, on the chance of your knowing something about the back-stairs, that we may all go on pilgrimage to it: and, even if we cannot get up it, lie at the bottom of it, and cry—'Oh! back-stairs, precious back-stairs, invaluable back-stairs, requisite back-stairs, necessary back-stairs, good-natured back-stairs, cosmopolitan back-stairs, comprehensive back-stairs, accommodating back-stairs, well-bred back-stairs, comfortable back-stairs, humane back-stairs, reasonable back-stairs, long-sought back-stairs, coveted back-stairs, aristocratic back-stairs, respectable back-stairs, gentlemanlike back-stairs, ladylike back-stairs, commercial back-stairs, economical back-stairs, practical back-stairs, logical back-stairs, deductive back-stairs, orthodox back-stairs, probable back-stairs, credible back-stairs, demonstrable back-stairs, irrefragable back-stairs, potent back-stairs, all-but-omnipotent back-stairs, etc. Save us from the consequences of our own actions, and from the cruel fairy, Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid!'"

This sort of thing might clearly be expanded by the Binomial Theorem to any number of terms you pleased.

Upon the whole, in spite of some passages of great beauty, a fine idea, and much knowledge to work with, Mr. Kingsley has, as he too often does, spoiled a good story by his undisciplined and ill-concentrated imagination, which induces him to interrupt one train of thought just to vent his disgust at a dozen follies or crimes which occur to him while he is at work. He is like a dog which constantly loses the scent by turning aside to worry cats, bark at ill-looking beggars, or simply to play with a bone with his four legs in the air. However noble the bay, or however graceful the frolics of such a creature, the fairy Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid will be obliged to reward him with a very mutilated and unsatisfactory fame,—unworthy both of Mr. Kingsley's real genius and of his noble aims.

From The Saturday Review.  
MEMOIR OF A FRENCH NEW TESTAMENT.\*

THIS curious tract is a piece of literary dissection. With temper and scholarly patience, but with no unflinching hand, it demonstrates the anatomy of a *fraus pia*. About the middle of the seventeenth century, it appears that an intense uneasiness with regard to the prospects of the Church had crept over the clergy and higher classes of France. One of the most noticeable symptoms was the fanatical, and far from unsuccessful, attempt of Louis XIV. to bribe Protestants back to their old spiritual allegiance. From a letter of the Sieur Pelisson, one of the king's chief agents in this business, we learn that, for about two thousand crowns, seven or eight hundred persons had on one occasion "entered the Church." Bishops wrote word that plenty of conversions were to be had, provided that funds were forthcoming. Regular lists of these converts were laid before the king; and instructions for the regulation of the market were duly transmitted back to the bishops. They were to look out for families of distinction, but by no means to neglect the common people, who might frequently be snapped up at from two to five pistoles the family. Under peculiar circumstances, left to the discretion of the principal dealers, the high figure of a hundred francs was sanctioned. But this was a famine price; and Pelisson points out the diocese of Gren-

oble as a bright example; "where scarcely any converts had cost so much as a hundred francs, and the greater part not nearly so much as that amount."

Another symptom of uneasiness was a morbid anxiety to discover definite authority for the introduction of the Mass. Peiresk, a learned French antiquary and lover of coins, believed that he had discovered it on a medal of Constantine. On the reverse of one of that emperor's medals there is a sort of altar, on which is a globe, standing on a low base. Probably, as Archdeacon Cotton remarks, the impression which Peiresk saw was most worn, and the figures on the globe were effaced, leaving only the circular outline visible. To the devout eye of the antiquary, the legend "Beata Tranquillitas" suggested the "Sacrament of the Altar," and the circle could be nothing but the holy wafer. But, valuable as the testimony of so early a coin would have been, it would clearly sink into nothing by the side of a text from the Sacred Writings themselves. And successfully to introduce such a text into current versions of the Bible seems to have been the object—in some cases the whole lifetime's study—of certain energetic French divines of the period. The passage which was seized upon as most eminently suited for this purpose is Acts xiii. 2, the important words of which run as follow:—

## UNIFORM GREEK.

λετοργουμένων δὲ αὐτῶν τῷ  
Κυρίῳ.

## VULGATE.

Ministrantibus autem illis  
Domino.

## RECEIVED ENGLISH.

As they ministered to the  
Lord.

During a search into the origin of certain corrupt renderings of this passage, which will be described below, Archdeacon Cotton met with a pamphlet published in London in 1674, and taken from a French tract about thirty years older, entitled *La Messe trouvée dans l'Écriture*. The title of the English tract runs thus—*A famous Conference between Pope Clement X. and Cardinal de Monte Alto, concerning the late Discovery of the Masse in Holy Scripture, made by the worthy Father Patrick, an excellent Engineer of the Church*

\* *Memoir of a French New Testament, in which the Mass and Purgatory are found in the Sacred Text. Together with Bishop Kidder's "Reflections" on the Same.* By Henry Cotton, D.C.L., Archdeacon of Cashel. Second Edition, enlarged. London: Bell and Daldy. 1863.

of Rome in England. The cardinal asks the pope why he is in such good spirits. The pope answers—"Because the Mass has been found in Scripture." He proceeds to explain that Father Patrick "hath sent to me a Bible, turned into French by the doctors of Louvain, printed at Paris in 1664 (1646?), where, in Acts xiii. 2, those blessed words are to be read, of the apostles saying *Mass to the Lord*." In the first burst of gratitude, the pope proposes complete deliverance from purgatory and a cardinal's hat, as a reward not too great for Father Patrick's deserts. But, reflecting that the pliant engine of interpolation might be turned with ruinous effect against himself, he changes his mind, disgraces the father, and consigns him to an

ignominious penance. The tract *La Messe trouvée*, etc., is now known to have been the work of a pastor named Lucas Jansse. It was printed at Rouen in 1647, and the version which gave rise to its remarks was not a genuine Louvain translation, but the work of the far-seeing Jesuit, François Veron. Veron was born at Paris in 1575, and was curé of Charenton during the greater part of his active life. Quickly perceiving how much sacerdotal capital might be made out of a "nouvelle traduction, très-élégante," issued by one Jacques Corbin in 1641, he shortly produced a version of the Vulgate by himself, which was followed in 1647 by a still more advanced rendering.

Though by no means the first or the last of Romanist translators who have tampered with the text of the Bible, Veron was decidedly the ablest and most thorough-going of his peers. It was from his versions, chiefly, that the excrescences of the Bordeaux Testament of 1686—the subject of Dr. Cotton's *Memoir*—were derived; and his influence,

whether personal or indirect, is distinctly traceable in several similar undertakings executed during the seventeenth century. The Testament of 1686 was first exposed in England by Dr. Kidder, who afterwards became Bishop of Bath and Wells. His *Reflections*, etc., were published in 1690, and were supplemented about half a century later by the Rev. James Serces, Vicar of Appleby. Both these tracts have been reprinted by Dr. Cotton, who gives a clear and able bibliographical account of the seven French versions of the seventeenth century, beginning with Corbin's (1641), and ending with the Bordeaux (1686). One very valuable and interesting portion of his task consists of a synoptical table of the renderings of forty passages in the New Testament, all selected from texts examined in Bishop Kidder's *Reflections*.

A few specimens from this table will not be read without interest. The first is the much disputed passage in Acts xiii. 2, the original of which was quoted above:—

VULGATE.	CORBIN.	VERON.	BORDEAUX. (1686.)
Ministrantibus autem illis Domino.	Or eux celebrans au Seigneur la saint sacrifice de la Messe.	Eux donc disans La messe au Seigneur.	Or comme ils offroyent au Seigneur le sacrifice de la Messe.

It is, perhaps, putting no undue strain on the fancy, to read in the concise and forcible rendering of Veron the unscrupulous and thorough-going qualities of the man. When

authority for the Mass had been thus cheaply secured, it seemed hard to do less for other and minor points of Catholic belief:—

VULGATE.	GIRODON, a follower of Veron.	BORDEAUX. (1686.)
Sic tamen quasi per ignem. (1 Cor. iii. 15.)	Par le feu, a scavoir de Purgatoire.	Par le feu du Purgatoire.
Nolite jugum ducere cum infidelibus. (2 Cor. vi. 14.)	Ne vous joignez pas par Sacrement de Mariage.	Ne vous joignez pas par le Sacrement de Mariage.
Discedent quidam a fide. (2 Tim. iv. 1.)	Quelques uns se separeront de la foi Romaine.	Quelques uns se separeront de la Foy Romaine.
In virtute secundum spiritum sanctificationis. (Rom. i. 4.)	VERON. Par la puissance recue de faire miracles par l'esprit de sanctification.	par la puissance qu'il a recue de faire miracles par l'esprit de sanctification.
Nonne potestatem habemus mulierem sororem circumducendi sicut et ceteri? (1 Cor. ix. 5.)	GIRODON. ... de mener ga et la une sœur, femme pour nous servir en l'Evangile, et nous souvenir de ses biens?	mener ga et la une sœur femme pour nous servir, etc.
In peregrinos. (3 John 5.)	envers les Pelerins.	envers les Pelerins.

It cannot be too distinctly stated that these efforts at exegetical rendering have never re-

ceived the deliberate sanction of the Roman Catholic Church. As soon as the real char-

acter of the Bordeaux Testament came to be seen and divulged, the greater number of the copies were called in and destroyed. The very fact of its existence has been denied by the Jesuits. But it so happens that several copies, in the hands of Protestant refugee families, found their way into England and Ireland. The Bodleian, the British Museum, the Libraries of Christ Church, Lambeth, and Trinity College, Dublin, and a few private collections, possess specimens, of which Dr. Cotton enumerates eleven in all. He appears doubtful of the existence of more than two or three additional copies; and being on his own quaint confession, a "ripe Bibliomaniac," his authority on the subject may be taken as sufficient.

The point of real interest in the whole story of the Bordeaux Testament is the problem involved in a character like Veron's. The moral blot of perpetrating a gloss like that on Acts xiii. 2, is as nothing when compared with the moral puzzle implied. The Bishop of Natal, no doubt, presents an enigma to many of his antagonists, who cannot reconcile a life of zealous activity as a Christian minister with the critical energy of the obnoxious writer. The Bishop, in his turn, finds it hard to understand how men of obvious piety and uprightness can submit to the conventional reticence of the pulpit, which, in his estimation, savors more or less of moral turpitude. But neither of these opposing parties occupy a position one half so hard to explain as that of François Veron. Here is

a man with intellectual gifts decidedly beyond the average, and living a life of energetic piety and self-devotion. He spends, and is spent, for a system of doctrine in the inherent strength of which, however, he has so little confidence as to permit himself to falsify the very records on which the system is founded. He is the queerest compound of faith and no faith. In his inmost heart he cares little or nothing for the sacred writings, or he would not venture on the forgery of additions and corrections. Yet his recognition of their value is strong enough to make him deem those forgeries imperatively necessary for the defence of his favorite dogmas. He is a conspicuous example of the important truth that the best and purest intentions afford no guarantee whatever that moral integrity will be preserved uninjured, when once a faith has degenerated into a *cause*, on whose side the passions have become enlisted. Here is the point where pious frauds find a congenial soil; the fraud seems so minute in itself, and yet so essential to the advancement of "true religion." It will be well if the present and rising generations learn to perceive more clearly than the past, how utterly independent of such supports is all faith which deserves the name and can confer real benefits on mankind; and if they advance to the slow solution of pending problems, strongly persuaded that all homage paid to faith at the expense of truth, is an insult to the majesty of both.

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MANY people hear of distances in thousands of yards—a usual measure of artillery distances—and have very little power of reducing them at once to miles. Now, four miles are ten yards for each mile above 7,000 yards, whence the following rule: the number of thousands multiplied by 4 and divided by 7 give miles and sevenths for quotient and remainder, with only at the rate of ten yards to a mile in excess. Thus 12,000 yards is 48-7ths of a mile, or 6 and 6-7ths of a mile: not 70 yards too great. Again, people measure speed by miles per hour, the mile and the hour being too long for the judgment of distance and time. Take half as much again as the number of miles per hour, and you have the number of feet per second, too great by one in 30. Thus 16 miles an hour is 16  $\times$  8, or 24 feet per second, too much by 24-30ths of a foot.

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MESSRS. LONGMAN and Co. have nearly ready a "Guide to the Western Alps," comprising Dauphiné, Savoy, and Piedmont, with the Mont Blanc and Mont Rosa districts, by John Ball.

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MR. MURRAY announces Dr. Hannah's Bampton Lectures, "The Relation between the Divine and Human Element in Holy Scripture."

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MESSRS. MACMILLAN have in preparation a "General View of the Criminal Law of England," by Mr. J. F. Stephen.

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It is stated that Mr. J. F. Maguire, M.P., has nearly completed a biography of the temperance apostle, Father Matthew.



THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND THE REBELLION.

WE beg leave to congratulate the Presbyterian Church upon the cordial reconciliation which has taken place between the two branches which separated a quarter of a century ago. It was delightful to read the loving and brotherly addresses which were interchanged by the two General Assemblies lately in session. To that which sat in Philadelphia, the Rev. Albert Barnes, from the Committee on the state of the Country, submitted the following preamble and resolutions, which were fully discussed and unanimously adopted.

*Whereas*, A rebellion most unjust and causeless in its origin, and unholy in its objects, now exists in this country, against the Government established by the wisdom and sacrifice of our fathers, rendering necessary the employment of the armed forces of the nation to suppress it, and involving the land in the horrors of civil war, and

*Whereas*, The distinctly avowed purpose of the leaders of this rebellion is the dissolution of our national Union—the dismemberment of the country and the establishment of a new confederacy within the present territorial limits of the United States, based on the system of human slavery as its chief cornerstone, and

*Whereas*, From the relation of the General Assembly to the churches which they represent, and as citizens of the Republic, and in accordance with the uniform action of our Church in times of great national peril, it is eminently proper that this General Assembly should give expression to its views, in a matter so vitally affecting the interests of good government, liberty, and religion, and

*Whereas*, On two previous occasions since the war commenced, the General Assembly has declared its sentiments in regard to this rebellion, and its determination to sustain the Government in this crisis of our national existence, and

*Whereas*, Unequivocal and decided as has been our testimony on all previous occasions, and true and devoted as has been the loyalty of our ministers, elders, and people, this General Assembly deem it a duty to the Church and the country, to utter its deliberate judgment on the same general subject. Therefore,

*Resolved* 1, That this General Assembly solemnly reaffirms the principles and repeats the declarations of previous General Assemblies of our Church, so far as applicable to

this subject and to the present aspect of public affairs.

*Resolved* 2, That in explanation of our views, and as a further and solemn expression of the sentiments of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America in regard to the duty of those whom we represent, and of all the American people at the present time, We now declare,

First. That civil government is ordained of God, and that submission to a lawful government, and to its acts in its proper sphere, is a duty binding on the conscience and required by all the principles of our religion as a part of our allegiance to God.

Second. That while there is in certain respects a ground of distinction between a government considered as referring to the constitution of a country, and an administration, considered as referring to the existing agencies, through which the principles and provisions of the constitution are administered; yet, the government of a country to which direct allegiance and loyalty are due at any time, is the administration duly placed in power. Such an administration is the government of a nation, having a right to execute the laws and demand the entire, unqualified, and prompt obedience of all who are under its authority; and resistance to such a government is rebellion and treason.

Third. That the present administration of the United States, duly elected under the Constitution, is the government in the land to which alone under God, all the citizens of this nation owe allegiance; who, as such, are to be honored and obeyed; whose efforts to defend the government against rebellion are to be sustained; and that all attempts to resist or set aside the action of the lawfully constituted authorities of the government in any way by speech or action, to oppose or embarrass the measures which it may adopt to assert its lawful authority, except in accordance with the forms prescribed by the Constitution, are to be regarded as treason against the nation—as giving aid and comfort to its enemies and as rebellion against God.

Fourth. That in the execution of the laws it is the religious duty of all good citizens, promptly and cheerfully to sustain the Government by every means in their power; to stand by it in its peril, and to afford all needful aid in suppressing insurrection and rebellion, and restoring obedience to lawful authority in every part of the land.

*Resolved* 3, That much as we lament the evils, the sorrows, the sufferings, the desolations, the sad moral influences of war, and its effect on the religion and Churches of the land—much as we have suffered in our most

tender relations—yet the war, in our view, is to be prosecuted with all the vigor and power of the nation, until peace shall be the result of victory, till rebellion is completely subdued—till the legitimate power and authority of the Government is fully re-established over every part of our territorial domain, and till the flag of the nation shall wave as the emblem of its undisputed sovereignty; and that to the prosecution and attainment of this object, all the resources of the nation in men and wealth should be solemnly pledged.

*Resolved 4,* That the Government of these United States as provided for by the Constitution, is not only founded upon the great doctrine of human rights as vested by God in the individual man, but is also expressly declared to be the supreme civil authority in the land, forever excluding the modern doctrine of secession as a civil or political right; that since the existing rebellion finds no justification in the facts of the case or the Constitution of the United States—in any law human or divine—the Assembly can regard it only as treason against the nation, and a most offensive sin in the sight of God, justly exposing its authors to the retributive vengeance of earth and heaven; that this Rebellion, in its origin, history, and measures, has been distinguished by those qualities which most sadly evince the depravity of our nature, especially in seeking to establish a new nationality on this continent, based on the perpetual enslavement and oppression of a weak and long-injured race; that the national forces are, in the view of this Assembly called out, not to wage war against another government, but to suppress insurrection, preserve the supremacy of law and order, and save the country from anarchy and ruin.

*Resolved 5,* That in such a contest, with such principles and interests at stake, affecting not only the peace, prosperity and happiness of this our beloved country for all future time, but involving the cause of human liberty throughout the world, *loyalty* unreserved and unconditional to the constitutionally elected Government of the United States,—not as the transient passion of the hour, but as the intelligent and permanent state of the public conscience, rising above all questions of party politics, rebuking and opposing the foul spirit of treason, whenever and in whatever form exhibited—speaking earnest words of truth and soberness alike through the pulpit—the press, and in all the walks of domestic and social life, making devout supplications to God, and giving the most cordial support to those who are providentially interested with the enactment and execution of the laws, is not only a sacred Christian obligation, but is indispensable if we would save the nation and

perpetuate the glorious inheritance we possess to future generations.

*Resolved 6,* That the system of human bondage as existing in the Slaveholding States, so palpably the root and cause of this whole insurrectionary movement, is not only a violation of the dearest rights of human nature, but essentially hostile to the letter and spirit of the Christian religion; that the evil character and demoralizing tendencies of this system so properly described and justly condemned by the General Assembly of our Church, especially from 1818 to the present time have been placed in the broad light of day by the history of this existing rebellion; that in the sacrifices and desolations, the cost of treasure and blood ordained thereby, the Assembly recognize the chastening hand of God, applied to the punishment of national sins, especially the sin of slavery; that in the Proclamation of Emancipation issued by the president as a war measure, and submitted by him to the considerate judgment of mankind, the Assembly recognize with devout gratitude that wonder-working providence of God, by which military necessities become the instrument of justice in breaking the yoke of oppression and causing the oppressed to go free; and further that the Assembly beseech Almighty God in his own time to remove the last vestige of slavery from this country, and give to the nation preserved, disciplined, and purified, a peace that shall be based on the principles of eternal righteousness.

*Resolved 7,* That this General Assembly commends the President of the United States, and the members of his Cabinet, to the care and guidance of the Great Ruler of nations, praying that they may have that wisdom which is profitable to direct, and also that the patriotism and moral sense of the people may give to them all that support and co-operation which the exigencies of their position and the perils of the nation so urgently demand.

*Resolved 8,* That in the ardor with which so many members of our Church, and of the Churches of all the religious denominations of our land have gone forth to the defence of our country, placing themselves upon her altars in this struggle for national life, we see an illustration not only of the principle of patriotism but of the principles of our holy religion; that in the readiness with which such vast numbers have at the call of their country devoted themselves to its service, we see a demonstration which promises security to our institutions in all times of future danger; that we tender the expression of our admiration and hearty thanks to all the officers of our Army and Navy; that those who have nobly fallen and those who survive, have

secured an imperishable monument in the hearts of their countrymen, and that this Assembly regard all efforts for the physical comfort or spiritual good of our heroic defenders, as among the sweetest charities which gratitude can impose, or grateful hands can minister.

*Resolved 9,* That this General Assembly exhort all the Churches and ministers connected with this branch of the Presbyterian Church, and all our countrymen, to stand by their country; to pray for it; to discountenance all forms of complicity with treason, to sustain those who are placed in civil or military authority over them, and to adopt every means and at any cost, which an enlightened, self-sacrificing patriotism may suggest, as appropriate to the want of the hour; having on this subject one heart and one mind; waiting hopefully on Providence patient amid delays; undaunted by reverses: persistent and untiring in effort till, by the blessing of God, the glorious motto "One Country, One Constitution, and One Destiny," shall be enthroned as the sublime fact of the present and the more sublime harbinger of the future.

*Resolved 10,* That this General Assembly tenders its affectionate condolence and heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved families of all the heroic men who have fallen in this contest for national life, and especially the families of the officers and members of our Churches who have poured out their lives on the altar of their country, with the assurance that they will not be forgotten by us in their bereavement, or by a grateful people.

*Resolved 11,* That a copy of this action duly authenticated, be transmitted to the President of the United States, and that it be read in the pulpits of all our churches.

From The Reader, 9 May.

MADAME LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT AND HANDEL'S "L'ALLEGRO."

Nor for a long time has anything so interesting or so delightful happened in the musical world of London as the recent performance of Handel's "L'Allegro and Penseroso," given by Madame Goldschmidt for the benefit of a charity. No one probably now living can recollect a public performance of the entire work. A single song, "Let me wander not unseen," was a great favorite in the drawing-rooms of the last generation, and is familiarly known to most Handel-loving sopranos. Those, too, whose memory goes back to the Ancient Concerts still speak with enthusiasm of Miss Stephens's singing of this

and one or two other airs. But the composition, as a whole, may be said to be new to our half of the century. We may hope that, after Madame Goldschmidt's performance it will be unknown no longer. Barren of new result as is our present musical epoch, we can at least claim the credit of being active revivalists and careful conservators. In music, as in architecture and painting, we are treating with respect the monuments of the past, and so doing something, though in a humble way, for posterity. Not many of Handel's larger vocal works remained to be discovered; now that the dust of fifty years has been brushed off this delightful cantata, it ought not to be allowed to accumulate again. "L'Allegro and Penseroso" must be ranked, as to scale and power, with the settings of Dryden's odes, "St. Cecilia," and "Alexander's Feast." The dramatic element is *nil*; but the variety of tone and subject in Milton's poetry gave abundant play to the fancy of the composer. The music is full of color and contrast. The "Penseroso" speaks, for the most part, in long drawn *largo* strains, answered in brighter measures by the "Allegro." Throughout the whole there runs that profuse wealth of melody, with which no man perhaps, Mozart and Beethoven alone excepted, was more richly endowed than Handel. But for the twang of eighteenth century conventionalism which first strikes the ear of a listener, this would be universally acknowledged. Handling as he does in this piece lighter themes than those we are familiar with in his Oratorios, he seems to have worked more freely, pouring forth a constant stream of tune, alternately gay and solemn, joyous and tender. Thinking of Handel as we generally do as the great and strong composer, we are almost surprised to note in the course of the piece so many little touches of gentle grace and winsome playfulness. In one of the earliest of the "Allegro" songs, for instance, what can be more delightfully airy than the setting of the lines—

"Then to come in spite of sorrow  
And at my window bid good morrow?"

The melody here is as fresh as the best of Dr. Arne's, and the accompaniment has the brilliancy of Mozart.

The chorusses, again, few as they are, are not to be surpassed for spirit and variety.

The one which closes the first part (echoing the delightful passage "to many a youth and many a maid") ends in a "dying fall" of exquisite beauty on the words—

"Thus past the day, to bed they creep,  
By whispering winds soon lulled to sleep."

The glow of Milton's poetry is reflected in the music. The book, equal in length to a short Oratorio, is said to have been written, after the Handelian fashion, in a fortnight!

Madame Goldschmidt is so seldom to be heard by the public that her every appearance is an event. One is tempted to doubt whether it is good to adopt this fitful meteoric way of coming before the world. A great artist might do more effectual service to her art, at no greater cost to herself, by being content to take her place more simply among the world of artists, and work in concert with others. The want of such concert makes what she does sadly incomplete. The chorus, for instance, on this occasion, though composed of excellent materials, and good enough considering the circumstances of the performance, was far below the level of an ordinarily well-trained choir. Some of the most telling points in the piece were missed, for lack of the moderate amount of finish and exactness commonly attained by amateur bodies which are habituated to the discipline of a regular conductor. This, of course, will always be the case with what is called "scratch" choir. If Madame Goldschmidt would condescend to associate herself, from time to time, with a regularly organized choral body, the transcendent excellence of her own performance would no longer be marred by this inefficiency in its accompaniments. Of the singing of the lady herself we must regretfully confess that it is magnificent. Regretfully, for how can one treat the hiding of such a glorious talent in the obscurity of semi-retirement as otherwise than a loss to Art and the world? Madame Goldschmidt is in all essential respects the Jenny Lind of fifteen years ago. She has lost one or two of her lovely upper notes (or lost the power of producing them without effort), and she shows throughout rather more physical strain than is consistent with perfect ease of delivery. But these are only very slight deductions; the quality of her voice is still lovely beyond all power of description. It has the same pearly sweetness, the same liquid purity,

the same sympathetic softness which fascinated hundreds of thousands half a generation back. Its *compass of intensity* is far greater than that of any contemporary singer known to the world. She has still that wonderful power of sustaining a note with the most exquisite softness, and yet throwing, as it were, the whisper into the furthest corner of a room. In the stately and the pathetic *largos* of the "Penseroso" music she sings the long-drawn chains of notes in that perfectly balanced *cantabile* style which is the very crown of the vocal art. Several times, in the work referred to, there occurs one of those final cadences of which Handel is so fond, where the voice dwells for some time on a few closing notes dying away into silence. Such a point occurs on the words "them that sleep," in the "Messiah" ("I know that my Redeemer liveth"). Madame Goldschmidt's rendering of this used to be exquisitely beautiful. A similar passage occurs more than once in the cantata, and every time the effect on the audience was testified by that sigh of pleasure which is more eloquent than a thousand *bravas*. Such a faculty as this, added to the glow of enthusiasm which runs through all that Madame Goldschmidt does, makes up an artist such as the world cannot hope often to see; such as, so far as we know, there does not now live the like of. But, in the presence of Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt, one does not stop to reason upon this or that point of excellence. The listener feels at once that he is, in the presence of a genius, a singer who is great in her art in virtue of being a great woman.

This has been said hundreds of times before; but it may as well be said again when some few people would represent this great artist as but a shadow (vocally) of her former self. There is no difference worth speaking of between what she was and what she is—except, perhaps, that her vocal finish is more perfect than before. But one cannot help asking, even at the risk of seeming to trench upon private ground, why should these great powers be doing nothing for the world? Charity is a noble thing, but it is better to begin by doing the plain duty of life; and what is the duty of Jenny Lind, to speak plainly, but to sing? Such great powers as hers were meant, if there is such a thing as a purpose and a reason in things, to be used. Their obvious use is to minister to the higher pleasures of the world and to the advancement of a noble art. They might be made to do this with a very slight demand on the liberty of their possessor, and with not less advantage to the noble cause of charity which she serves.